



Affairs at Washington

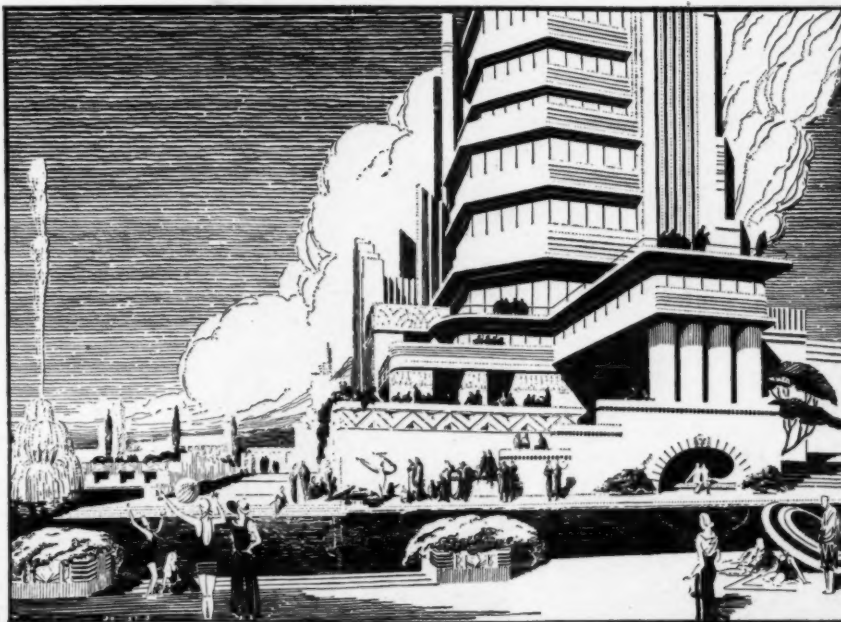
By Joe Mitchell Chapple



REPARING for his first trip home since his inauguration, President Hoover seemed to have that "going-on-a-vacation" look in his eye as he greeted the stream of visitors during the beginning of the dog days. The situation on Capitol Hill seemed favorable that day for a quorum, as forty-nine Senators had been "counted" and speeches were going merrily on with no idea of ceasing with a *viva*. In spite of the oratorical outburst of Senator Robinson of Indiana and others whose dignity was offended—calling upon the President for all the papers in connection with negotiation of the London Treaty; the President won out in his purpose to keep inviolate the confidences he had given. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania in his "radio announcer" melodic tones referred with sarcasm to "the gentleman from Indiana" and his forensic gesture with finger held aloft, as "Liberty enlightening the world." There was that sort of a titter in the galleries that punctures ponderous effort at oratory on the floor of the Senate. Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas from his front seat on the "left" championed the rights of the President in a way that indicated that he was going to fight to the finish in confirming the treaty. Valiantly he met the taunts of his associate Democratic ally, Senator McKellar of Tennessee who pronounced the treaty a sham. Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska discovering another "George W. Norris" registered to go on the ticket as his reptile rival in the Republican primaries—withdraw from the ticket after intimating that he might support the treaty and run independent. In the meantime Senator James Watson kept the score card—confident that an affirmative vote on the treaty was assured with a few votes to spare on the final roll call on the treaty.

INTEREST in the world's fair at Chicago in 1933 increases every time a citizen from the mid-west metropolis arrives in Washington. Impervious to the jibes as to the reign of racketeers and power of bootleggers now banished from the "fair city of the plain" as Goldsmith would have it, the Chicagoan just keeps right on boosting the project that promises to set the whole world agog. The very character of the architecture is modernistic and strikingly appropriate to celebrate a marvel century of progress. The keynote comes from the ancient civilization of the Mayas, which to the average American surpasses in archaic importance that of ancient Egypt and Babylon. Soon after I made my trip to Guatemala where I had rambled among these newly discovered ruins, and actually caressed the figures carved on the prostrate columns of brownstone, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh made a flight over this area and viewed below sights and scenes that had not been looked upon by human eyes for unknown centuries. As yet the Rosetta Stone of this civilization has not been discovered, but the X-ray searching mind of the modern American will find it. Then will come the development of a historical territory distinctively American that may even surpass the ancient glories that bordered the shores of the Nile and the Euphrates. Senators and Congressmen are consulting the library on this subject with lively anticipation of

requests for Federal appropriations yet to come. The representatives of the South American countries and in fact all of the Latin-American nations already recognize that this is to be a real American exposition. The gigantic sweep of the architectural lines and massive pillars that are to adorn the lake front in Chicago have peculiar appeal to the youthful mind as foreshadowing something new out of the age-old American civilization. The exhibits will por-



"Restaurant of Nations" planned for the Chicago World's Fair, 1933



U. S. Senator W. E. Borah preparing for his morning ride in the Park

tray in physical form the marvelous achievements of the most remarkable century known in history. The "I will" spirit of Chicago exemplified at the Columbian Exposition of forty years ago—still lives. With men like Ambassador Charles G. Dawes and his brother Rufus C. Dawes as leaders, the success of the enterprise is assured, for was it not their ancestor who rode with Paul Revere?

AS one of the first considerations in a carnival of any sort is the feast, it was interesting to note that one of the designs submitted for the Chicago World's Fair comported to be with the scheme of straight-line architecture, a building known as the "Restaurant of Nations." Provision is made for separate dining rooms constructed in the mode of the various foreign countries. Native dishes served by waiters costumed in the garb of their homelands will carry out a comprehensive exposition plan and provide "atmosphere" while you dine.

IT was a peppery debate that day. The galleries were filled. For a summer "attraction" to visitors at Washington, there is no pageant or theatrical production that can surpass the Senate in session. Attired in a linen suit, equipped with a belt, Senator Hiram Johnson made his speech on the radio and followed it up with an exhaustive address on the floor of the Senate as the visitors come and go in "taking in" a talking picture show. He sailed into the discussion with a touch of invective and sarcasm, indicating he was not altogether "in accord" with President Hoover as a fellow Californian. Senator Shipstead of Minnesota, carrying the distinctive label of a "Farm and Labor" Senator as distinguished from the Republicans and Democrats in respective caucus assemblies. Speaking from the back row, it was discovered that he also was attired in the uniform of the "O. T." (opposing the treaty). Light suits, may offer the suggestion that the opponents to the treaty were at least trying to keep physically cool, no matter how "hot" their words might be in describing those who had anything to do with the pact awaiting confirmation. The "rights under the Constitution" of Senators were invoked with all the power of summer eloquence in a stuffy Senate chamber with a glass roof, where not a single breath of fresh air could enter directly from the outdoor supply of ozone.

THE drone of debate chimed in with the airplanes circling about the dome of the Capitol, suggestive that the deliberative body might speed up and keep pace with the dirigibles that were floating lazily by in the upper sky like gigantic silver fish "looking for a bite." The "attendance record," as they put it in Rotary, was not a hundred per cent. The Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate was kept busy maintaining a quorum at the magic deadline of forty-nine. While he knew the haunts and the whereabouts of each individual Senator, there was difficulty in rounding up solons when the irrepressible bell rang calling for a quorum. Very few Senators "listened in" on the debate. The stately form of Senator Smoot appeared to answer "present." His honeymoon did not interfere in maintaining a record of attendance even if Senatorial proceedings had nothing to do with the tariff.

WITH becoming dignity and vigorous use of the gavel, Vice-President Curtis presided. The spectators were kept in order, for there were not enough Senators on the floor at any one time to make much of a disturbance. Few Vice-Presidents have ever been personally more cognizant of what was going on in the cloak rooms and outside of the Senate than the man who had served so many years as a "whip". Mr. Curtis could almost forecast the form and words of every speech, to say nothing of having a fairly good idea of what would happen to pending bills. The distinction of having his name in the roll call deciding more tie votes than any of his predecessors, brings his batting average up in deciding the fate of important legislation. Few Vice-Presidents who have wielded the gavel in the Senate have had so much to do by their vote in directing the affairs of a body where silence on voting routine is constitutionally required.

THE passing of Conan Doyle and his promise to send back a message from the "bourne from whence no traveller ever returned" has awakened widespread interest among those interested in spiritualism. Lady Conan Doyle insists that she has already received a message from her departed husband. The memorial service held for Sir Arthur in London, revealed that he had left his finger prints for use in checking his identity in case



The late Conan Doyle, author of Sherlock Holmes

he attempted to get in touch with his friends on earth from beyond the grave and was denied this privilege. In the Secret Service Department in Washington he left his finger-prints,—but that was in the heyday of his fame as the author of Sherlock Holmes when he was keenly interested in the systems of detective service in the United States and the other countries of the world. Even then he insisted that many of the solutions of the mysteries involved in his stories came to him from an outside source. There was a conviction in his mind at that time that spirit and thought were entirely separate and distinct from the

body. The impulse and study of visible physical activities, he maintained, was entirely governed by the same sort of a spirit in this life that would dominate in the life to come. The photographs which occasioned such a furore after the announcements of his investigations in later years have been offered to scientific institutions as proof positive of the continuity of life. If existence continues why should there not be communication after what is called death? This was a basis of his later contentions.

TEACHING the teachers has been a sort of hobby with Secretary Wilbur, for he is himself a teacher. In the Department of the Interior over which he presides, he has proceeded "to make a study of the qualifications of teachers in the public schools, the supply of available teachers, the facilities available and needed for teacher training, including courses of study and methods of teaching," as authorized by the recent Congress. They will have one-fourth of the \$200,000 available during the present year. Dr. William John Cooper, Commissioner of Education, will function as Director with Dr. Edward Evenden, of Columbia University as his associate. The Secretary also appointed a group of eminent specialists in pedagogy to constitute a board of consultants and act as advisers in this undertaking.

PRESIDING as toastmaster at the ceremonies attending the opening of the palatial new railroad terminal in Cleveland Hon. Newton D. Baker was given an ovation by the home folks. It easily indicated who was



Hon. Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador to Mexico and candidate for U. S. Senator

the First Citizen of the metropolis on the shores of Lake Erie. His service as Secretary of War for seven trying years during the Wilson Administration endeared him to his fellow citizens, because they knew of the loyal patriotic service he had rendered them as Mayor. From early manhood when he started with the late Tom L. Johnson, Newton Baker has been conspicuous in the affairs of the city of Cleveland. Mr. Baker is recognized as one of the foremost speakers of his time and always seems to know just how to put the right word in the right place. If the wheels of political fortune should indicate that the Democratic party needs a candidate from Ohio, Newton D. Baker will stand out as a "favorite son" without necessity of a pre-convention campaign in his home state for delegates. In Washington they still recall Newton



Hon. Newton D. Baker of Cleveland, former Secretary of War

D. Baker as one of the popular members of the Wilson Cabinet during the eventful World War administration.

CAMPAIGN excitement in New Jersey having to do with the candidacy of Hon. Dwight W. Morrow for United States Senator was overshadowed when the grandchild arrived. No babe of royal birth ever attracted as much interest as the first born of Colonel and Anna Morrow Lindbergh. The question of naming the baby was discussed internationally with all the solemnity of christening a prince of the purple robe. And yet Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., came into the world with parents and grandparents of the most extremely modest and democratic sort. Photographers turned their cameras for the time being from the grandfather to the grandchild. He was posed in just the sort of way that all proud parents "take" the little morsel of flesh that promises so much to them. The Lindbergh, Junior, was distinctive for the way he kept his mouth shut and wiggled his toes. He made his first flight with his father to Maine when a few months old and will be able to tell about it years after of how naturally he "took to the air" and insisted upon having his father as a pilot.

NOW that the Department of Justice is responsible for the Federal prosecutions of those violating the Volstead Act, there have been busy days and nights in the office of William DeWitt Mitchell, the young and aggressive Attorney-General of the United States. The increased responsibilities evidently have no terrors for



William DeWitt Mitchell, Attorney-General of the United States

the young Minnesotian who was virtually born in the atmosphere of legal activities. His father was Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota for twenty years. His son William for a time felt that electrical engineering would be his life career and he attended the Scientific School at Yale. It was in the blood—for he found himself drawn towards the legal profession, and after years of vigorous practice in St. Paul, he was appointed Solicitor-General by President Coolidge. After having served as Judge-Advocate General in both the Spanish-American and the World War, he was soon recognized in Washington as one of the liveliest wires that had ever galvanized the red tape of the Department of Justice in Washington. His engineering mind is attuned to the policies of the administration and his friends confidently expect results with the enforcement of Prohibition directed by the aggressive William DeWitt Mitchell.

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DURING some of the time that Senator Capper of Kansas was not busy working out provisions for farm relief and an appropriation for buying surplus American wheat to help out the starving people in China, he was entertaining visitors, many of them from the home state. At another time he was escorting Baron Tinty of Schallaburg Castle in Austria who had a plan of converting the building on his estate into a school devoted exclusively to the study of international affairs. Accompanied by Baron Doblhoff, an eminent Austrian artist who has painted the portraits of several Presidents, this scion of Austrian nobility was making his first tour of America. "No other country in the world has been more devoted to the cause of education than the United States. That is why I launched my plan here" was his comment.

AUGUST is the popular month for yachting. Having abandoned the *Mayflower*, the Presidential Yacht, for the haunts of Rapidan as a radiation recreation center from Washington, President Hoover is making his "cruise" on the rails sailing toward the wonderlands of the West. His love of the woods and vacation days in the National Park will call attention to the fact that out of the depths of the beauties of mother earth, comes the strength and vigor for a large proportion of the population of this mundane sphere. True to his promise, Sir Thomas Lipton brought over the *Shamrock* to win the cup. There will be gay days at Newport R. I. course during the International Yacht races, Sir Thomas expects to be right on deck with the little American girl who is to prove his mascot. Being a bachelor Sir Thomas has a special fondness for the "wee" ones, and entertains several hundred children every Sunday on his lawn with plenty of bandies and sweets. Counted the world's greatest sportsman and a good "loser," there is a strong desire among Americans to see him win the much-coveted trophy after his many persistent and valiant attempts to carry off the honors. Few men living in a foreign land as more popular with the American people than the jolly and jovial Commodore Lipton who has won his title and thousands of trophies by right of "good deeds" as well as by fast sailing. Wherever he appears in America, in New York where he landed as an emigrant lad, New Orleans in the southland where he made his first start in business, Sir Thomas Lipton is as popular as any one of our own citizens in public life. In the United States he would be a strong vote-getter at election time.



Sir Thomas Lipton the British yachtman who hopes to win the International Cup—with his little American mascot

WHILE social Washington is recreating in tours of Europe and clustering about the seaside and the lakes of the East, Mary Roberts Rinehart, one of the most popular of the literary circle, is spending her resting days on her ranch in Wyoming. Here amid the picturesque and inspiring rockies she gathers together the details and plots of her fascinating novels. While they do not include wild west scenes as a basis for her clever and best selling novels, her writing reflects the wide open spaces of the sites and scenes of summer days. For many years she has sought this retreat in the West and this year finds herself again in tune with the presidential yearning of the last two administrations in spending the vacation days of summer time amid the glories of our own America. The appalling ignorance of the average American concerning his own country may suggest sometime organizing tours among the high schools and colleges to give the student body at least a modicum of first-hand information concerning the geography of the United States, so that they can at least locate a few of the great national parks within a range of 2,000 miles. Glacier Park which President Hoover is visiting this year has



Hon. David Lloyd George with the stick and hat he carried in the United States



Mary Roberts Rinehart the popular author who resides in Washington and recreates on a Wyoming ranch

been the subject of a fascinating book written by Mrs. Roberts Rinehart. One of her admirers asked her last winter how far Glacier Park was from the North Pole, —and yet she boasted of "Twenty Trips Abroad."

EVER and anon the erstwhile war premier of Great Britain re-appears in public and sets the tongues of the world awagging. The sturdy little Welshman, David Lloyd George, remains a factor in the political affairs of the British Empire. He is the last survivor among the leaders of the Allies and manifested a keen interest in the London Treaty. He still wears the silk top hat which he carefully guarded during his several tours to the United States. Like ex-President Coolidge he is enjoying life elucidating opinions upon every sort of a subject with all the profound dignity of an Elder Statesman. The large group of Lords and knights upon whom he was able to bestow distinguished honors constitutes a loyal retinue of followers who will never relinquish the idea that the greatest English statesman of his time was the intrepid leader who held the spotlight during the long weary culminating years of the world war. With Lord Birkenhead still blasting away at America and former Premier Baldwin giving advice and counsel in radio talks, Lady Astor, an American girl, blazing a way for women in the House of Lords, it is refreshing to remember that there was a time when Lloyd George uttered appreciative and kind words concerning the United States, her citizenship and ideals.

Triumphs of Levon West's Etchings

The latest in a series of books published in London entitled "Masters of Etching" hails young Levon West as a world eminent etcher in producing a volume exclusively devoted to his work—only three American etchers are included in the galaxy of great etchers beginning with Rembrandt

A YOUNG American etcher under thirty finds his work and career the exclusive subject matter of a volume in a notable series of books entitled "Masters of Etching." In the twenty-four volumes including Rembrandt and Whistler, Levon West discovers himself the third American etcher chosen for this notable distinction in the art world. The books are published in the same London where his distinguished ancestor Benjamin West, the first great American painter, found himself honored as President of the Royal Art Society. The appearance of this book brought a special thrill to the lovers of etchings in America, because young West is one of three etchers recognized out of the twenty-four accorded this pre-eminent distinction. In commenting upon the Levon West collection Malcolm C. Salaman, who had also reviewed the work of Whistler and Benson, emphasized the fact that American recognition was the factor that would make future etchers strong. He

accredits Levon West as a trail blazer in the new attitude of the American artist towards the art and craft of etching that followed the World War and continues:

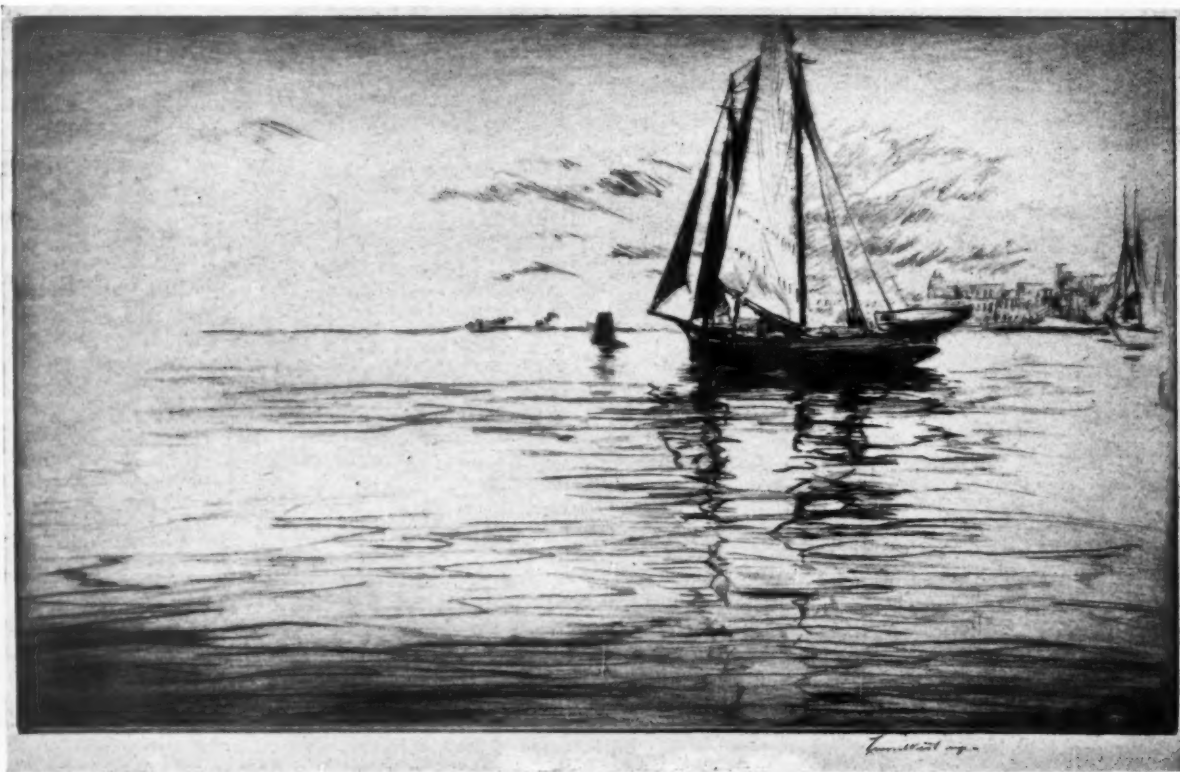
"Since that date this change has developed in the direction of independence, not so much in the matter of technique, as in choice of subject matter and motive. For the American etcher has begun to look about him, and to devote the freshness of his vision to things that have offered a new kind of beauty of quaintness or character, to aspects of life that present scenes unaccustomed in other and older countries, to prospects of landscape and atmosphere that can be seen probably nowhere else in the world. In his preface to the book the distinguished critic continues:

"Now the etcher who reacts to these scenes with a quality of interpretative truth, whose lines, quick with vitality, seem to select themselves with instinctive eloquence to bring home not alone the picture to the

American vision, but its essential spirit and intimate significance to a universal sensibility, is he who will find a recognition wider than that of either Europe or America, a recognition that knows no limitations of latitude, that is absolutely cosmopolitan. Yet, it may be urged, Whistler, though American born, never etched an American subject, but his magical needle found its inspiration on the Thames, in Venice, in Amsterdam, and even, as I sat beside him long ago in a Chelsea fruit shop, but the American public, following the instincts of the artistic work, has taken him, nevertheless, at last securely to its heart. And so an etcher will always win his way to the recognition he deserves, whether it be a long progress towards the goal or a short one.

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Levon West's has so far been a very brief progress, in short, he found his public in the course of a single night, and, like

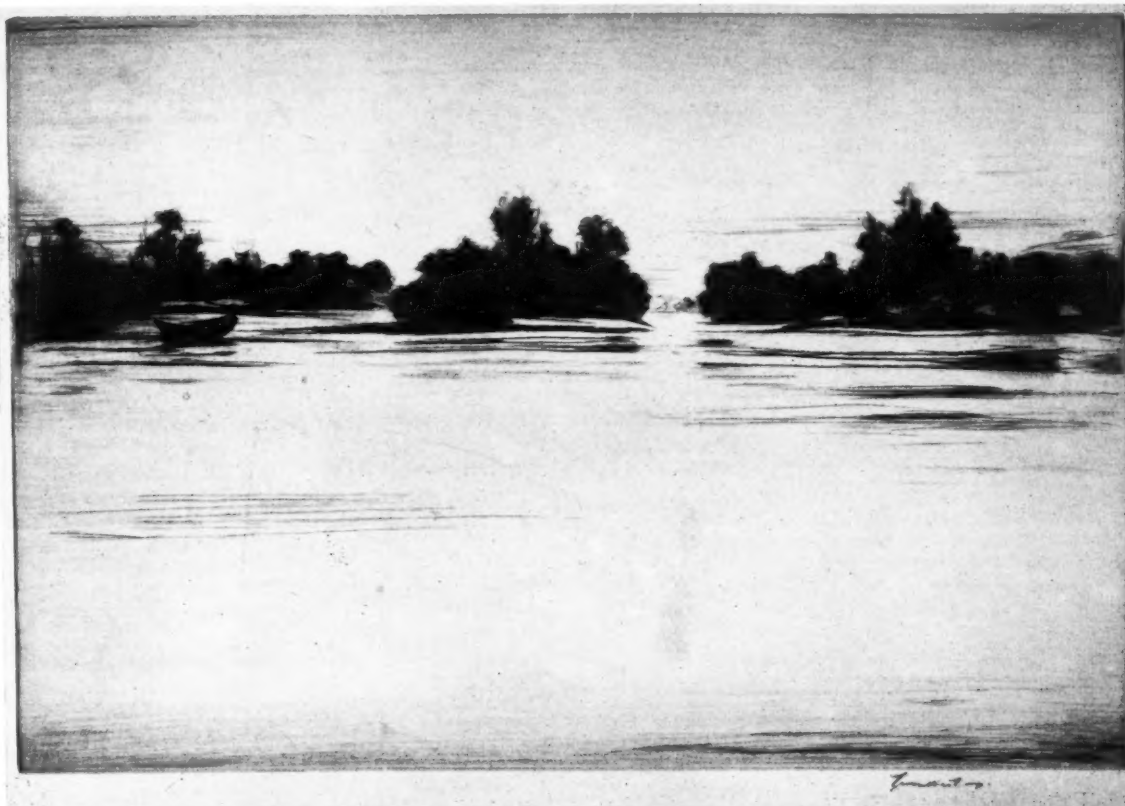


"White Sail," an etching by Levon West

Lord Byron, woke up to find himself famous. It was Captain Lindbergh's lone flight across the Atlantic to Paris that was the motive of this miracle. While Lindbergh was in New York making his preparations, young West, who had had considerable aviating experience, at one time flying 700 miles in a race to St. Louis, was serving on the board of directors for the Aviation Service Corporation at Roosevelt field. He had made sketches of the various types of plane that happened to be there, including the Ryan which Lindbergh used. Several times

flashed across the Atlantic that Lindbergh had reached Paris. This was Levon West's hour, the etching that he had worked the long night to make, with so much graphic fact for its basis, and with a sensitive imagination to invest it with life and verisimilitude, was that day reproduced in a number of leading journals, while impressions from the plate itself were sold by a publisher of etchings, as fast as the editions could be printed, in fact it was difficult to keep pace with the demand. It was a good etching, which was called *Newfound-*

record, with a flash of inspired vision at the psychological moment, what the eyes of America, in her fine frenzy of enthusiasm, were most anxious to visualize, her heart was most eager to apprehend, her young hero speeding through dark hours in safety across the vasty deep from one continent to another? So Levon West, greatly encouraged by the recognition of America, and satisfied that he had 'that within which passeth show,' resolved to adventure in those parts of the continent where the experiences would be peculiarly American, and



"Islands," an etching by Levon West

Courtesy Kennedy Galleries

he saw the confident but modest young man working on his 'Spirit of St. Louis,' but, whether or not he shared Lindbergh's confidence, on the evening of the memorable flight, stirred by the general atmosphere of enthusiastic optimism, West excused himself from a dinner party, and retired to his studio. There, with all his sketches, notes, and other graphic material at hand, and his imagination and memory agog, bringing fresh visions from the mysteries of wind and wave, he followed Lindbergh imaginatively flying through the night, working the while upon his copper-plate, scratching, scratching, the lines of the machine, the suggestive lines of air and sea, all night until with the dawn his labour was finished. The trial proof was still damp from the press when the news was

land (*Col. Lindbergh's Flight*), Plate I. and, produced under such a stress of dramatic conditions, it may be considered a veritable *tour de force*. Anyhow, it suggested an impression of the 'Spirit of St. Louis' taking its lone, perilous course through the wayward air above the Atlantic rollers, and was a vision recorded of Lindbergh's heroically successful effort to do what no one else in the world had ever done. A similar plate, *Ireland*, and an etching of Lindbergh himself, followed directly with the continuation of success. America, in her hero-worshipping mood, was generously quick to allow Levon West a tiny share in this mood, to recognize in him the vision of an etcher she had been looking for, to interpret aspects of her own life to herself. For what else was it but self-interpretation to

devote his etching to their searching revelation, and, who knows? perhaps make a bid for a wider public.

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"To those of us who have known Levon West since his boyhood days there is a particular thrill in reading the biographic sketch written in the dignified style of an Englishman reciting the facts known to his friends in the profound manner associated with permanent record of noteworthy world achievement.

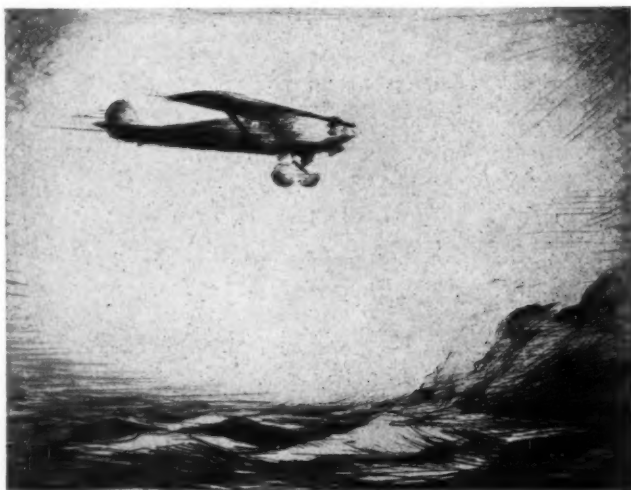
"There were years in his life, not many, in all, when there was no thought of etching, years when by various means he earned a livelihood without even knowing the meaning of an etched line. But he had always the instinct of an artist. He was born on February 3, 1900, at Centerville, a

very small village in the open prairies of South Dakota, near the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. His father was a Congregational Minister, who had the good sense to perceive and to encourage the boy's early leanings towards art, but it was from his mother, Henrietta West, of New Hampshire that he probably inherited his artistic tendencies. She was a descendant of Benjamin West, who, born in Pennsylvania in 1738, of Quaker parents, whose principles would not allow them to favour art in any form, by sheer persuasion of personal will and talent from his childhood onwards, gradually overcame all opposition, and, coming as a very young man to England by way of Italy, made a great reputation as a historical painter, and succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy. So through Benjamin West, Levon West is linked with the art of this country.

"His mother died when he was very young, but her diary contains many proud notes of her young son's graphic demonstrations, and his happiness with paper and pencil, even as there exists records of his famous ancestor's precocity. The family being large, the means to live small, and the mundane opportunities very restricted in that prairie village which was their home, the children had no toys but those that young Levon invented and made with the tools he found in the barn. And so apt was he in the development of his handicraft that at eleven years of age he was making much of the furniture, chairs, carved oak cabinets, and such like, that they still use in his old home. At this age, too, he commenced to earn money by painting the sign-boards for the local traders, and the next summer he spent the vacation visiting the neighbouring towns to paint the signs for the theatre and the several stores.

"Now he began to cultivate acquaintance with the old masters, for his father in his effort to encourage any talent that his son might possess, would give him reproductions to copy in pencil, which he greatly enjoyed, for he loved to have his room to himself with the drawing-board he had made, and the paper stretched for the disciplinary copy, though his father's criticism would be severe enough when the young student failed to express everything that the Congregational Minister saw in the old pictures. The next summer Levon West spent working in the wheat fields with a team of horses, as Edmund Blampied had done when a boy in Jersey before there was ever a thought of his etching, instinctively memorizing the actions of the creatures for future drawing. This change of work, besides bracing the youthful sinews, and stimulating the boy's graphic interest,

brought some grist to the family mill, but the following summer he joined a company of carpenters which went from farm to farm, building houses and barns, and by the next vacation he had become a finishing carpenter, fitting doors and windows, making gate-hinges, and designing iron grill-



Above—"Ireland," Col. Lindbergh's flight.
Below—"Noon." Two etchings by Levon West

work. In this way he spent his vacations doing profitable work, until at 17 he graduated from the High School. Funds necessary for him to proceed to college were not forthcoming, and were nowhere to seek, so his future plans were unsettled.

"The next adventure of young West found him, in the autumn of 1918, enlisted in the United States Navy in war time. He thoroughly enjoyed his experiences in spite of the strict discipline, he was made yeoman to the captain of the training ship on the Great Lakes, and, his duties being light, he had ample time for sketching, while the caricatures he made of the officers excited so much interest that he became friends with them all. But six weeks after the Armistice his naval adventure ended, and he returned home to North Dakota.

"Then, for seven months in a one-room school-house that stood all alone among the

hills, he acted as janitor, teacher, and singing instructor, but the daily four-mile walk from and to his home-town, through the wintry blizzards, sometimes with the aid of skis, gave him a thorough understanding and appreciation of that wild country, an experience which was to prove valuable later on in view of his expeditions through the blizzards of the Canadian Rockies, as recorded in his recent etchings. At last, in the autumn of 1919, West commenced a four years' course at the University of Minnesota, and though the terms of the scholarship awarded him precluded any art course, and he had to take up Economics, Banking and Finance, by becoming friendly with the university art instructors he was allowed occasionally to attend their classes, and so was inducted into the principles of design and composition, and practised drawing from real life. His graphic propensities could not be repressed. In the first two years all his spare time was devoted to drawing cartoons and incidents of college life for the student magazines, while during the latter part of his university course, as his confidence and skill grew greater, he combined with his Economic and other studies, profitable illustrating for magazines and making advertisement posters for business firms in the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

"At the same time he turned his natural faculty for hero-worship to pictorial account, persuading any world-famous person, such as Marshal Foch, Paderewski, or Lord Birkenhead, who visited Minneapolis, to sit to him for a quarter of an hour or so, while he made a crayon sketch, and got as much from the 'celebrity's' conversation as possible."

It was at this time that I received letters from the energetic young Levon West who aspired to do art work for the NATIONAL

MAGAZINE and come to Boston. His enthusiasm was impressive and reproductions of his etchings first appeared in this publication. With a penchant for meeting celebrities he not only drew their likeness but their friendship to the extent of approving his work. Mr. Salaman's narrative continues.

"Then, his university course ended, Levon West took a small studio in Minneapolis for free-lance work, and here chanced an occurrence which changed the tenor of his art life, and determined his future. One day while he was at work, he was visited by a book salesman from New York, who showed him, among other things, the first three of my 'Masters of Etching' series, which he purchased. These books of mine were a revelation to Levon West, they aroused his first interest in the art and craft of etching, but as yet he was sorely

puzzled as to how an etching was made. He pored over the works of these artists, Frank Brangwyn, James McBey, Anders Zorn, these Modern Masters of Etching, who seemed to him magicians, though how they wove their wizardry was beyond his comprehension. That evening he bought a small original etching and examined it with excitement; touching it lightly all over he discovered that the lines were raised.

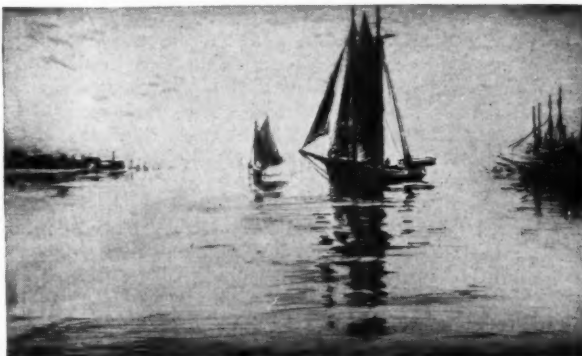
This gave him an idea; immediately he made a drawing in sharp pen and ink lines, and the next morning he took this to a photo-engraver, asking him to make a zinc plate from it. By the afternoon he had the plate, and, as he had anticipated, the drawing was reproduced on the zinc with etched lines! So far, he thought, he had solved the process, and now for the printing.

"Getting some printer's ink, he rubbed this over the plate, filling the lines, and scraping the rest off the surface with a straight-edge. He then placed a dry piece over the inked plate, with a blotter over that, and hammered the whole surface of the plate with a mallet. But the ink would not be drawn out of the lines, the paper presented an inky mess, the plate was ruined, and the experiment proved a complete and hopeless failure.

"These trials and tests only served to increase West's curiosity, as to the making of etchings, and as he studied more closely the sensitive quality of the lines and tones reproduced in the 'Masters of Etching' series, his respect and admiration for the etchers increased, and he envied them the power to merge their personalities in an etching that should be a lasting work of art, whereas he realized that even if he did the best art he could devise on a periodical illustration, it would be forgotten a few days after it appeared, and so was a waste of effort. This consciousness made him dissatisfied with his work, and set him restlessly longing for better things, he did not exactly know what. At all events, he decided to move East, perhaps to continue his study of Economics at Harvard, for whether or not he was to pursue art definitely as a profession, he was convinced that a comprehensive business outlook was essential for success.

"Leaving his studio in Minneapolis for good in September, 1925, he was quite uncertain as to his plans. Making his way to New York, Levon West sought out Joseph Pennell, to whom, as a veteran practitioner of the graphic arts, he submitted drawings and sketches, at the same time asking his advice as to the wisdom of attempting etching as a career. This Pennell strongly advised, for he saw that West's vision was that of an etcher, always seeking the essential, the synthetic line. The young artist was delighted, the more so when Pennell agreed to give him some lessons in etching. This in itself was an inspiration, for Pen-

nell had been so much with Whistler in his later years that a kind of aroma of the master's manner seemed to cling to him, and what he taught was what he himself had inherited from the Whistler tradition. At all events, West learned to ground his plate, to needle and bite his lines in the right way,



Above—"Morning."
Below—"Mountain Climbers."

and, what is equally important, to print them. He devoted all his time enthusiastically to etching, and on October 3, 1925, he completed and printed his first plate, *The Lunch Hour*, to which in a later state Joseph Pennell added some dry-point lines. West made a few more etchings as a means of 'finding himself,' though he felt he would never strike any distinctive note until he had travelled abroad. He wanted to experience a strange atmosphere, then to return with freshened vision to explore his own country. So the following year, 1926, he made his first venture abroad, he went to Spain."

Here began a turning point in his

career. On the eve of my sailing for Spain, I suggested that he go with me and develop his talent amidst the inspirations of Espagna. With characteristic decision he obtained a loan on his automobile and was the cheery companion of "Mrs. Joe" and myself on an eventful trip through ancient Iberia. As the guests of the late Ambassador Alexander Moore we were put in touch with King Alfonso and Zuloaga. These were busy days. The account of this eventful journey in Levon West's life was published in my book "Vivid Spain," illustrated with 30 of his etchings which at once brought his genius to the attention of the lovers of art. The London book relates:

"Plentifully supplied now with copper-plates and sketching materials, West worked enthusiastically to interpret any simple, strange and significant aspect of the country that specially appealed to him, quickly developing a natural facility with the needle, so that etching came to him in time as a means of free utterance of thought and vision. He was interested in the manners and habits of the people, the architecture, and the general oldness of Spain. He had visited San Sebastian, Madrid, Seville, Toledo, Cordova, Santiago, Ronda, Granada, Valencia, and went over to Tangier, and of every place there was some significant etched record. I remember being impressed by a wide, sunny road running through an ancient gateway, and a motor-car travelling onward, while the wind was blowing the palm trees about. I forget the title of the print. The gateway led to some historic building, but it was memorable because one felt the wind so naturally playing among the trees. There was a brilliant plate of a bull-fight, *Corrida de Toros, Ronda*, which suggested the vital momentariness of the incident, and the spontaneously graceful action of the *banderillero* as he planted his darts in the neck of the charging bull. Then a Spanish lady, the incarnation of gracious vivacity; was this etched, by chance, from a canvas by Ignace Zuloaga, the famous painter, with whom Levon West studied for a time, and whose portrait he put on the copper, or was it a study from life? Anyhow, West invested the plate with his own

vitality. Yet with all the promise shown in these Spanish plates, which so variously interpreted the old and the new Spain, the New York print-sellers looked on them with cold and unsympathetic eyes, heedless that the young artist had been etching barely a year, and had already achieved with the medium a remarkable fluency of line, with vitality and spontaneity of pictorial suggestion that would make future etchers strong."

In his moments of disappointment with the attractive salary offered in commercial work, he struggled on encouraged by friends and admirers with that persistence always associated with genius. But we must go on with Mr. Salaman's interesting story.

"Sometime after his return to America, he accepted a position, during a short-lived 'boom,' as art director for the building of a city in Florida, and made use of his Spanish sketches for the designs of arches, as well as private and public buildings. A short trip to Europe followed, as official artist to the World Press Congress, and then Levon West returned to New York to resume his etching. A beautiful plate he etched was of a *Hungarian Wolf Hound*, drawn to the life on the copper, with adequate economy of line, but now he felt that the American scene should provide subjects which he could express with distinctive personal vision. How he suddenly caught the fancy of the American public with his etchings of the Lindbergh Atlantic flight, I have already told. What particularly pleased the artist was that Donald Hall, who had designed Lindbergh's aeroplane, made public recognition of the fact that Levon West, in his etching, 'had certainly caught the lines of our ship.' The connoisseurs became aware that here was a young American etcher with a natural style, and a sound basis of the art's traditions, whose career must be followed, for it was full of possibilities.

"Many of these possibilities were realized during the next two years, for, in search of fresh subject matter, Levon West experienced travel and adventure in the mountainous region of Glacier National Park, endured the excitements and perils of the Canadian Rockies, and braved hardships in the awful blizzards with pack-horse expeditions.

"And throughout these adventures and experiences, with all their multifarious human interest, the artist's sensibility was ever on the *qui vive* for natural impressions, to be expressed through the vivid medium and the responsive personality of the etcher.

"This mountainous country was not so very far from his own home, and he had the temptation to enjoy all his experiences, however hard, but since he had 'commenced etcher,' as Dr. Johnson would have said, West's sensitiveness and responsiveness to natural effects had redoubled, for now he knew how to express them with freshness of vision, and almost a master's touch. *The Three Sisters* stand out in all their structural grandeur, with the passing light lending nobility to their weirdness, while in *The Garden Wall, Glacier National Park*, the sun illumines the dark mountain peaks, making the strange formation look like a series of fairy castles. So *Sawtooth Ridge*, and the romantic *St. Mary's Lake*, are laid under the etcher's spell. *The Torrington Crevasse*, with the six climbers, roped together, and walking single file up to the jagged mountain side, their shadows cast at right angles on the white ground, and reflected on the other side of the crevasse, is a very original conception, and apparently new to the range of etching. West came across Indians in the course of his adventures, and lived among them for a time, and one result of the experience was a remarkable etched portrait of *Chief Eagle Calf*, wearing a characteristic head-dress, and holding a drum of authority, while the physiognomy delicately portrayed suggests a patriarchal ruler who does not want to

see too much. In *Indian Mother*, the squaw mounted on horseback with her young children, the etcher conveys the human feeling with the sense of atmosphere and distance, as in *Fannin' an' Foggin'*, a reclining group of cowboys idly watching the display of a boy on a buck-jumper, shows how the idea of entertainment may forbid the loneliness of limitless sands.

"Levon West has a genius for the graphic suggestion of widely embracing light and atmosphere, as well as the momentariness of incident. In *The Peak*, how the lonely horseman as he paces through the snow, upwards towards the heights, his only companion being his own long shadow, seems like the 'Last Man' of the poet, held up by Mercy on 'Nature's awful waste.' *Pine and Sapling*, with a man sitting hunched up beside them, looking across the water at the outskirts of a pine wood, is a quaint conception. *Mountain Sleet*, and a man riding through it, is a wonderfully suggestive representation of a blizzard in full force, as is a similar subject, *Snow Swept*. *The Eagle* is a charming plate, that takes us with pleasant ease into those far regions, a couple of horse-riders having just passed a clump of pines are suddenly roused to fix attention on a great bird that is swooping through the air. With his lines the etcher has beautifully caught the atmosphere, filled it with a moment of interest, and linked the eagle with the riders.

"In his recent etchings Levon West has penetrated the romance of the Catskills with the love of the wild exemplified by Rip Van Winkle. In this he has further proven the individualism characteristic in his choice of subjects. His "Boots and Boots Jr." series represents a new note which Levon West has created in modern etchings, but more than this he has given American scenes a new place in the great drama of art.

"In *Noon* he has caught that magic moment, when the horses returning from the morning labor, take the refreshing quaff mid-stream, as a salute to old Sol at the meridian. Contrasted by environment far away, but still American amid the beauty of the 'Pearl of the Antilles,' comes the inspiring picture that makes one feel the peacefulness of maturinal emotions entitled *Morning*, portraying a scene in Havana harbor where in the glory of Nature, all the tragedies associated with these historic waters are forgotten, in the splendor of a tropical sunrise.

"In these he found such vividly dramatic subjects as *The Mountain Ranger*, *The Prospector*, and *Huskies*, the pathetic human interest of which his vision and his art interpreted so expressively. Then *Mountain Climbers*, again the men, roped together, proceeding in single file, but how wearily they go, and how high above the range they appear to be. Here the etcher seemed to fuse himself with his subject, one thinks no more of etching, but of the actual thing, of those four weary, stumbling men striving to climb higher and higher. *Pack-Horses*, too, how the man leading his horse, with his two pack horses in front, seems to be pursuing shadows rather than aiming for any destination in those limitless spaces. And, perhaps most telling of all, with his bitten lines and his dry-point touches, Levon

West marked out a path through the snow, which was *Heavy Going*, for the leading horses and the rear ones, and he wrought this with a suggestive mastery that recalls, but with chilliness, something of the mystery of James McBey's *Dawn*. The prize of the series is titled *Dust*, which I viewed recently in his New York studio. True to his theme it is a graphic portrayal of the cowboy and his horse in the midst of a dust storm on the plains of the west."

The art editors of American newspapers and periodicals have been enthusiastic in their appreciation of Levon West's etchings but even more impressed with the attention given his work by the critics abroad.

The following excerpts tell the story and confirm their earlier appraisal of Mr. West's work.

The Cleveland Press commented on "Young American in Masters of Etching Series" as follows: "Patriotic hearts must stir over the selection of work of Levon West as No. 24 in the Masters of Etching Series (published, with an introduction by its editor Malcolm C. Salaman, in London by the Studio).

"West, aside from his virtue as an etcher, is in a homely and understandable way almost arch-typically American, not only in his choice of subjects and the Whistler-Pennell background of his method, but in the circumstances of his history, and in the dramatic incident of his first great success—sudden fame linked with that of Col. Lindbergh.

"Among his many different occupations West had included that of aviator, and when Lindbergh was in New York preparing for his transatlantic flight, West was serving on the board of directors of the Aviation Service Corporation at Roosevelt Field."

Along comes the *Buffalo Times*: "Levon West has won the praise of international critics with his etchings."

Across the continent the *San Francisco Chronicle* says: "As your reviewer has remarked before, it speaks well for publishing enterprise and for the popular taste that the books in this series are cheap in nothing but price and that their merits are appreciated. More than 200,000 copies of books in the 'Modern Masters of Etching' have found purchasers; and the purchasers have acquired good representations of art and have complimented their own good taste. The book here mentioned offers another opportunity.

"Levon West is an American etcher. Of course, a good etcher is a good etcher, whatever his nationality, and appreciation of his good work is not restricted within national boundaries. Just the same, American appreciators of this series of books will be glad that the editor of the series has added at least one American besides Whistler to the company of 'Modern Masters.'"

The book is published by Studio Limited, London, and William Edwin Rudge, 475 Fifth Avenue, and the series has had a wide popular sale of over 200,000 copies. This will be followed by a catalogue of the etchings of Levon West with an introduction by Elizabeth Luther Cary, compiled by Otto M. Torrington and will contain the complete work of Mr. West with 125 Photogravure reproductions.

The "Wharf Players" at Provincetown

Work of the actor and playwright Brandon Tynan in testing new plays for producing at the ancient and picturesque town on Cape Cod

By CARLETON HARPER

THE announcement that Brandon Tynan would appear at the Wharf Theatre in Provincetown, this summer, and act as general manager of the company, brought to mind all the vivid personality and genial charm that made him, at seventeen, the juvenile lead of the old Syracuse Stock Co. Though apparently started under the most auspicious circumstances by a freak of good fortune, his career is really the result of a cheerful and good-humored persistence.

There is the story, for example, which tells of Mr. Tynan's first effort at entering the "fatal profession." Most managers, it appears, would kindly refuse to see young aspirants, thus leaving their blissful rounds of futile efforts clear of discouraging refusals. But Daniel Frohman, for reasons unknown, would frequently destroy this happy state by interviewing the youthful candidate. On several occasions young Tynan had been rejected with a kindly "Sorry, son, but you're too short." Suddenly, on November 3, 1899 came a breathtaking summons to appear at the Frohman office. Mr. Tynan hastily resorted to a desperate subterfuge. He had high heels mounted on his shoes, inserted cork lifts, had striped trousers lengthened to cover his trickery, and proudly sauntered forth in frock coat and silk hat. What was his consternation, at the end of his interview, to be told, "I'm sorry, son, but you're a bit too tall!"

* * *

Shortly after his connection with a prominent stock company, occurred an extremely characteristic incident. His flamboyant Irish spirit had won him staunch friends, but on one occasion nearly landed him in a jam. The affair started with the purchase of his first straw hat, at the haberdashery owned by a now prominent producer. In the lobby of the hotel at which the company was staying, Mr. Tynan had paused for his usual after-performance cigar and chat, that night. The company bully joined the gathering, and chose to pick on young Tynan who had taken exception to language used in the presence of ladies by that pugnacious individual. The spark flamed, there was a quick left, but the heavier man sent back a quicker right, and young Tynan landed in one corner of the lobby while the new straw hat rolled aimlessly around and across to another corner. Mr. Tynan jumped back to the assault, and everyone else present rushed to separate the two contestants before the police intervened or the chandelier came down. Everyone, that is but the haberdasher-producer who happened to be present. He dashed over to the hat, which

he picked up and examined anxiously. "God!" he said, "not even bent!"

But the affair was not ended so easily. Mr. Tynan's opponent, it later developed,

challenge, and the time and place were fixed. (With Mr. Fire-eater as second, of course.)

Mr. Tynan frankly admits that most of that night was devoted to writing a will



Brandon Tynan

was suffering from a slight mental aberration which later completely broke down his sanity. He immediately challenged the hot-headed young Irishman to a duel—"Pistols for two, Coffee for one!" A fire-eating friend persuaded the youth to accept the

and making his peace with God. In the cold grey light of the next dawn, it took all the warmth of the fiery Jack Barry to keep Tynan's courage above the zero level. When half an hour had passed and no opponent had appeared, no protestation of Barry's

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Coverdale's Executive Direction Capacity

The Chairman of the Board of the Seaboard Air Line takes up his work with an experience touching all phases of transportation problems—A tour to meet the people living on his line talking over matters of mutual interest

WHEN William Hugh Coverdale was induced to accept the chairmanship of the board of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, the directors and stockholders felt that he was the right man for the job. It was a time when the affairs of the Company needed cool-headed direction. Patrons and people living on the line of this railroad soon reached the same conclusion.

A decision made by W. H. Coverdale means action. Out over the line of the railroad to meet the people was his first move. Soon after I heard him speaking several times a day to business men in various cities who greeted him with a swift succession of banquets and luncheons. It was evident that he understood the human equation, for his talks were so frank and cordial that he at once enlisted for his railroad the enthusiastic support of the people and inspired his Seaboard co-workers from top to bottom to carry on vigorously with the purpose of creating revenue—not only for the railroad—but for everyone who was earning a livelihood within the Seaboard area. His vision encompassed a co-ordination of effort and initiation of new plans that would benefit all concerned. With an unflinching sense of humor Mr. Coverdale appealed to all those who met him in this mission of Good Will. Receptions were held in the cities and towns that he visited that launched new projects. It was somewhat like a political campaign and as he facetiously remarked, he was a candidate hoping to win popular favor for his railroad throughout, following out a platform for general welfare—with an appeal to work together and recognize friendliness as the fundamental of building better times.

Early experience in engineering and finance, serving as director on many railroads and chairman of the Pierce Petroleum Corporation, president of the Canadian Steamship Company, Century Coal Company, Midland Shipbuilding Company and Gulf Steel Company, indicated that William Coverdale knew something of big financial problems at their source. His wide range of responsibilities as a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers and American Institute of Consulting Engineers, kept him in close touch with his chosen profession. Called often to advise in an executive and directive capacity, he was thoroughly familiar with all sorts of trouble corners in transportation circles.

Born on the shores of Lake Ontario at Kingston, it was natural that he should prove his keen interest in navigation when he took over the Canadian Steamship Company, but he developed this capacity of making travel move—through a rugged exper-

ience as a railroad man. At the age of twenty he found himself with the Pennsylvania Lines and nine years later a consulting engineer in New York City. In 1913 as a member of the firm of Coverdale & Colpitts, he became consulting engineer for the Gulf States Steel Company; Gulf, Mobile & Northern Railroad Company; Manhattan Railway Company; Seaboard All Florida Railway and Denver & Rio Grande Western



W. H. Coverdale
Chairman of the Board, Seaboard Air Line

Railroad Company, and actively associated with a score of large corporations.

The one year spent travelling in Europe gave him a world-wide vision of transportation problems. It also provided him with an opportunity to amplify his intense recreative interest in pictures and books. Making a tour with him through John Ringling's art gallery in Sarasota, Florida, I have found few people more thoroughly informed on the art treasures of the Old and the New World. His knowledge of books is quite as astounding as his knowledge of paintings and the masterpieces of art. A trip-hammer mind that works fast and to the point like that of Mr. Coverdale covers a wide range in a single day. Some of the priceless verses of Gray's *Elegy* were restored to lovers of that poem when he looked up a biography of Gray published in 1775 and brought to light every line of the poem as originally written by the author. This energetic student of Geneva College, Pennsylvania, who has been honored with a degree of LL.D by Queen's University, seemed

an inexhaustible source of information on every subject that a man ought to know about in the brief span of life. He never seems to forget anything and is one of the busy men who is always asked to do more—and does it.

From his office in New York City he can survey at a glance the busy harbor and activities of the lower metropolis, but on his desk and in his mind are the co-related facts of what is going on in the business and industrial world that are not subject to a camera focus. On the walls of his working room are those suggestions of outdoors, of days of recreation associated with his activities as president of the Canadian Steamship Company. The hotel he built at Saguenay, Quebec has been a marvel of delight to the legion of summer tourists who visit that charmed section. Here he finds full bent for his boundless energy in real farming—and a day or so of fishing. When he views a Rosa Bonheur or any painting of animal life he knows the animals in the original and understands from the standpoint of a farmer and a successful stock raiser as well as a lover of art.

Matters not where you find him or what the occasion, William Coverdale is always interesting, because he knows things. He coordinates information and observation into the magic of intelligence. With an experience running the gamut of modern day activities, he still remains an outstanding individual with ideas that are distinctively his own, formulated from his keen assimilative faculties.

While born in Canada, he is an American of Americans and in his native land he is a Canadian of Canadians, big, broad and sympathetic in his understanding of people, humans, collective or individual, because he seems to discern what the other fellow is thinging about and gauge the feelings of others from his own sympathetic impulses.

The future of the Seaboard Air Line has become to him a great dominating purpose. Knowing the component parts of railroad construction, operation and development, he will carry on the dreams of the trail blazers who through railroad extension have developed large areas of new country capable of sustaining increased millions of population in productive vocations through the process of practical expansion of increasing opportunities for earning good livelihoods.

While an irredeemable optimist—he is one whose faith and hope is unalterably based upon a knowledge of the recurring cycles and the pace of the pendulum in business. Courage to go forward unflinchingly with these convictions has marked W. H. Coverdale as one of the conspicuous executive leaders in his day and generation.

Explosives as a Civilizing Force

War no longer the great consumer of explosives—Text of an illuminating radio address by Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce, showing that progress means increased power in "blowing things up" in a progressive way and aiding the farmer in many ways (courtesy of the Columbia Broadcasting System)

WHEN we think of explosives, we think generally of war, with all of the ghastly wreckage that follows in the wake of screaming shells, smashing machine-gun fire, and bursting shrapnel. And farther back, in the territory of the warring nations, we picture in our thoughts the sudden rise of vast munitions plants, powder factories thrown up with frantic haste, casting a lurid glow upon the sky at night, pouring out these ominous media of destruction.

So, all too often, we conceive of explosives as merely an instrumentality of havoc. But that conception is utterly wrong. It needs to be corrected. Explosives are playing in the modern world a role diametrically different from (and more important than) that of a destroyer. They are a constructive, helpful instrument—a truly tremendous civilizing force. They tear down, and tear up, in order that men may build more splendidly and produce with greater efficiency and ease. They are an indispensable element in rapid peace-time progress.

Here is one thing to bear in mind: There is really a great difference between explosives used in war and those that are employed for commercial work. The explosives used for war cannot be used for commercial work—and the reverse is also true. Each year about 500 million pounds of commercial explosives are used for peace-time work in the United States. And here is a fact which will give you an idea of the size of this industry. The amount of commercial explosives manufactured in this country during the past four years is about equal to the total output of military explosives of all kinds used by all of the Allied forces during the entire duration of the World War.

Some of us may have had the mistaken notion that a plant for the manufacture of commercial high explosives can be converted into a war-time plant. But this is really not so. Neither the machinery nor the workers at the "dynamite-type" of plant can be used to produce modern military explosives.

Just how did we Americans employ the 500,000,000 pounds of blasting powder, dynamite, and "permissible explosives" (as one class is called)? Well, in the first place, a little more than one-third of the total was used in the coal-mining industry. About a fifth was used in metal-mining activity. One-sixth was devoted to quarrying and the production of non-metallic minerals. One seventh went for general construction work—meaning railway construc-

tion, the building of hydro-electric plants, irrigation projects, enlargement of harbor and ship channels, municipal water lines, subways, demolition and excavation work preparatory to the erection of buildings, and enterprises of like nature. Other purposes took the remaining one-eighth—about 20 million pounds being used on American farms.

Explosives are a constructive, civilizing force because they are a form of power—and power is the keynote of the modern age. Like steam and electricity, explosives are a means of lifting a load of racking toil



Dr. Julius H. Klein
Assistant Secretary of Commerce

from the human race. We may think of a charge of high explosives as a small bundle of intensely concentrated energy, waiting man's word to be released suddenly to do the work that a thousand men could not do without its aid.

A massive piece of stone, a solid wall of rock, is reduced in the twinkling of an eye to a mass of fragments that can be readily moved by a steam shovel. What a striking contrast to the drudgery and travail that prevailed in ages past! We admire the prodigious material achievements of antiquity

—the mighty pyramids of Egypt and of Mexico, the Great Wall of China, the Roman aqueducts, those excavations that we call the Catacombs, the mysterious titanic masonry of the Incas in Peru and Bolivia, the marble quarries of Pentelicus from which the gleaming temple of the Parthenon was wrought. But think of the pathetically crude implements with which the materials for these were obtained from the hard, resistant body of the earth—think of the primitive bronze picks, the stone hammers, the wooden wedges inserted between cracks and then soaked in water.

Think of the infinite slowness of the process—the years, the decades, that passed away while such work was being carried out. And think, too, of the armies of wretched, desperate slaves—straining, gasping, groaning with pain, under the merciless taskmaster's lash and the blistering rays of a southern sun!

Dynamite has changed all that. And thus dynamite is not only an accelerator but a liberator, of the very first rank.

The art of mining gold, silver, iron, and copper was known as far back as the patriarchal days of Job, and those metals contributed to the fabulous magnificence of Solomon. We are assured that a kind of steam engine was used as long ago as the second century before Christ. We all know that these things are vital elements in our material civilization today. How then did it happen that we had to wait thousands of years for their full development? What caused this great "gap" in progress which our historians, too often, take no trouble to explain?

It was because the steam engine could not be fully developed without unlimited quantities of iron and copper and unlimited fuel for the generation of steam. And adequate amounts of minerals could not be obtained without powerful explosives. Without those essentials, the steam engine would have remained merely the strange plaything of some obscure eccentric—and mankind would have been the poorer. Thus the super-force, dynamite, became a veritable Aladdin's lamp for the budding industrialism of our modern life.

* * *

That is the conviction of the explosives experts to whom I am indebted for some of the facts that I shall mention in this article and I want to express, right here, my keen appreciation of the assistance of Mr. Nelson S. Greensfelder, Mr. Walter O. Snelling, Mr. William A. Staving, as well as scientists in the Bureau of Mines and the Bureau of Standards; and I desire to make very

special mention of Dr. Charles E. Munroe, surely one of the most distinguished of all authorities on explosives, who, I am proud to say, is connected with the Department of Commerce.

Our railways, passing over mighty hills, through great cuts and tunnels excavated through the very heart of mountains, furnish mute witness to the achievements of powerful explosives. Most of our manufactured products begin as raw materials, and many raw materials exist primarily in mineral deposits, so we can truthfully say that high explosives enter into our daily lives in many ways that few of us ever suspect. The towering skyscraper has a skeleton of steel beams, without which it could not exist, and before the steel was in its present form it was iron ore—and this iron ore was broken from its original position in the mine by charges of high explosives. The superb concrete highways over which we travel are made of cement that was once limestone and cement rock, forming great quarry walls of massive stone, and only by the use of high explosives can these raw materials be economically mined and the cement industry made possible.

* * *

Let's glance for just a moment at the history of explosives. Blackpowder (or gunpowder, as it was known in early days), is made, I need hardly say, of a mechanical mixture of saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur. The Chinese, as I have mentioned, probably discovered it in remote times. It made its appearance in Europe in the fourteenth century, following its development by Roger Bacon, the famous monk, that courageous, canny pioneer of modern learning.

In 1847 an Italian chemist named Sobrero discovered the chemical combination that we know to-day as nitroglycerin. Although he pointed out the possibilities of his discovery as an explosive, the substance was actually used in his day only in alcoholic solution for medicine (it is of great value as a heart stimulant, in the almost incredible proportion of 1 part to 1,152,000).

In the fifties of the last century, California was a veritable laboratory of explosives, because of the requirements of gold mining. And some of the older residents remember the disastrous accident which happened at that time in the Wells-Fargo Building, a curious four-story stone structure that still stands in the heart of San Francisco's business district. One day there arrived in that building an express package which seemed to be leaking. With the

idea of opening it and remedying this situation, an employee took a metal instrument and gave a vigorous rap on the mysterious container. The result was a terrific blast that virtually gutted the building and wrought appalling havoc. That was San Francisco's introduction to nitroglycerin.

It was in 1867 that Alfred Nobel, the Swedish inventor, discovered a practical process of making nitroglycerin on a large commercial scale, and five years later he invented dynamite—by absorbing the nitro-glycerin in an earth-like porous material similar to "fuller's earth." He thereby revolutionized the art of mining and its thousands of industrial ramifications. It is a rather curious paradox that the famous Nobel prizes—for contributions to world peace, for achievements in the realm of imaginative literature, and so on—had their origin in money that was made from dynamite. Dynamite has, of course, been improved since Nobel's day in ways which I have not time to mention in detail.

Explosives are used today in many fascinating and dramatic ways: to clear farm land by blasting out stumps and boulders; for draining tracts of land; for correcting and changing stream channels; for planting trees; for removing ice jams in streams—and for many less important agricultural purposes.

Explosives have been found practicable and profitable in modern landscape



Explosives assist in cultivating the fields and cleaning the forests

work on large estates and in the laying out of golf courses. ("Explosion shots" and explosive language are logical results, you see, for the actual explosives used in creating those hateful hazards).

In the Southern States, wide use for explosives has been found in blowing out pine stumps from which steam-distilled wood turpentine, rosin, and pine oil are produced in large quantities. There is a different use—a very interesting use—of explosives in connection with trees. It has long been



"Down in a coal mine" where explosives supplement the work of the miner's pick and shovel

known that trees planted in holes excavated by high explosives seem to thrive better than those planted in holes dug by a shovel. This observation has been carried to its logical conclusion by using a special explosive for making holes in which to plant young trees—this explosive containing both explosive ingredients and fertilizing ingredients, with which the soil is thus most effectively impregnated. I'm told that a single pound of fertilizer, thus blasted into the very cracks and fissures which will be entered later by the growing tree roots, has greater efficiency than ten times the same quantity of fertilizer when applied in the usual way.

In the South, mosquito-control work has been carried out successfully with dynamite—not by blowing up the bugs themselves, let me hasten to add (though they richly deserve some such terrible death), but by draining stagnant water areas where they breed, by means of blowing out long ditches through which the water may flow.

Here is a weird new job that explosives are doing. They are being used to explore the earth's interior. When a small charge of explosives is fired in contact with the earth's surface, or in a hole bored for a few feet into the ground, vibrational waves are sent out in all directions, just as waves radiate from a pebble thrown into the quiet water of a pond. By means of very delicate electrical devices these sound waves can be picked up and their courses charted and measured at distances of several miles. The structure of the earth at considerable depths, with all of its precious secrets, can thus be determined. Along our Gulf Coast, for example, there often occur (deep in the earth) masses of rock salt several acres in extent. For reasons that we do not know, oil and sulphur often exist in great quantities beneath these salt domes. They can be discovered cheaply and quickly through this amazing method, employing explosives. In this way our national wealth has already been increased by many millions of dollars.

Explosives find, perhaps, their most dramatic use in the fighting of conflagrations. We all know about the dynamiting of walls to prevent the spread of fires, and I shall



The Explosives Engineer trophy, awarded annually to mines and quarries having the fewest accidents not go into that. My friends in San Francisco will remember the ghastly but inevitable use of explosives by which the destructive fire of 24 years ago was eventually checked.

Let me take you, for just a moment, to a spectacular gas-well fire. This well, discharging gas at the rate of millions of cubic

feet per hour, has inadvertently become ignited. It is a colossal, raging, terrifying torch. Ordinary fire-fighting methods are quite futile. What is to be done? We turn vast volumes of steam into the blazing gas. Sometimes that is successful, but it does not prove so now. We must resort to something else. So explosives are brought to bear.

We arrange a cable along which a charge of high explosives can be brought near the mouth of the blazing well. The explosive is protected by an asbestos wrapping from the heat of the burning gas. Then, when the explosive is in the proper position around the blaze, it is set off with a shattering "bang!"—and the great volume of gases produced by the detonation extinguishes the fire in much the same way, and for exactly the same reason, that a quick puff of air extinguishes the flame of a candle. Just one more example of explosives as a saving agent, not as a destroyer!

I know that most of you have been murmuring to yourselves: "Well, that may be a lovely, helpful industry—but none of it for me! Too much like fondling Death itself!" But, as a matter of fact, in no American industry are more widespread and successful efforts made in the interests of safety. For the past three years, half a billion tons of explosives have been transported annually over the railways of the United States and Canada without any loss of life and with no loss or damage so far as commercial explosives are concerned. In the interests of safety (as I mentioned to you several weeks ago) the United States Bureau of Mines certifies certain types of dynamite as being permissible for use in gassy and dusty coal mines, after having passed rigid prescribed tests. This is an important contribution to the safety of American miners. Explosives manufacturers are conducting a nation-wide campaign to reduce the number of accidents to children as a result of playing with blasting caps. "Safety first" is obviously the guiding principle of the explosives industry.

The "Wharf Players" at Provincetown Continued from page 475

could keep young Tynan waiting any longer, and they took their leave. As a matter of fact, the half-mad duelist never did appear, but his young antagonist never forgot that grey dawn. No doubt, when he came to play Sir Lucius O'Trigger opposite Mrs. Fiske in an all-star revival a few years ago, he brought his memories of the insistent Barry to bear on the part. Sir Lucius he played, but on that morning, he lived Bob Acres.

His favorite sport, indoor or outdoor, is the discovery of young and hitherto unknown talent. Just how many careers have been started under his paternal eye, just how many young luminaries are his spiritual god-children not even he can say. In his present company, on the Wharf in Provincetown's picturesque harbor, are several youngsters whom he came upon in stock, and about whose futures he will wax enthusiastic on the slightest provocation.

His courtesy and firmness during rehearsals have often been illustrated. Once

the capricious ignorance of an officious young director culminated in the browbeating of a sensitive young actress. In the scene being rehearsed, he played the part of a dying man who was explaining his condition to his daughter-in-law whom he adored. They were sitting very near one another, so that he could take her hand, and the director's outburst had been prompted by her hesitance to move across the stage and play the scene at a distance. Mr. Tynan quietly followed the over-wrought girl across to the position the thundering director demanded, and began to steady her in an intimate and reassuring tone. "I would apologise for this," he said, "in the name of the Theatre and all the folk in it, if I thought it were in order. But this man is not of the Theatre; he is an interloper, whom we have tolerated until his manner has grown insufferable. Now let us go on." Then, as the director attempted another bluster: "We are going to play this scene now," said Mr. Tynan. "Please don't interrupt us again."

Last year Mr. Tynan went to Provincetown for a week as guest artist, and stayed on to play a fortnight. This year he has been drawn back as actor and general manager of the Wharf Players. This experimental season of 1930 will inaugurate a custom of producing eight new plays, several of which are scheduled for Broadway production in the fall. The list calls for seven new plays, the opening one to be a revival of Mr. Tynan's own "Success," in which he was supported by Mary Astor. Following will be "The Guardian Angel" by Herbert Warren. "Really Hilda" by Auran Rouverol, author of "Skidding." "Mrs. Dewing's Divorce" by Fredericka Slemmons. "When It Comes Home" by Brandon Tynan. "If She Were My Wife" by Emliy Ann Wellman, and "The Favorite" by Marie Richardson Ide.

It is an imposing list, from the little I could glean. I would dare to predict even in these days of sterility in the theatre, that three Broadway successes will be

Life Insurance Helped to Educate a President

How the proceeds of Hulda Hoover's \$1,000 Life Insurance Policy was conserved to help educate a President—Only \$12 left when Herbert Hoover reached twenty-one—Old records of the trustee and guardian of expenditures for the orphan children

By FLORENCE COLLINS WEED

LOCKED in a strong box in the old brick court house in Tipton, Iowa, is a yellowed packet of records of an interesting chapter in the life of President Herbert Hoover. In the stilted terms of a guardian's annual report to the county court, it tells the story of the president when he was the orphaned ward of a Quaker friend whom his mother trusted.

Elwood Tatum of West Branch owns the companion record book. It was written in faded brown ink by his father Lawrie Tatum who was guardian for the three Hoover children after their mother's death in 1884. The record shows that a legacy of \$718.32 was all the aid that Herbert Hoover received from the time he was 10 until he became of age. With this money, and his own efforts, he supported himself during eleven years.

Lawrie Tatum, the guardian, was a pioneer Quaker of Cedar county, who came to Iowa from Ohio in 1844. The first Friends Meeting in the settlement was held in his log house. He was known for his efforts to promote education in the community, and was an early writer of pioneer life.

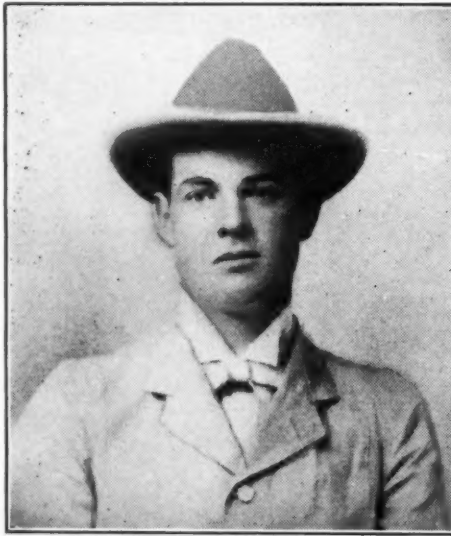
When Hulda Hoover died, Feb. 24, 1884, she chose Lawrie Tatum, old friend of the family, as the man to whom she would entrust her children's future. Four relatives, including Grandmother Mary Minthorn, approved her choice, and asked that the court appoint Lawrie Tatum. The court approved him Mar. 6, 1884, and set his bond at \$5,000. W. W. Tatum, Israel Negus and A. B. Negus were sureties.

An inventory of the property shows that Hulda Hoover held \$1000 in life insurance in favor of her children, one house and lot in West Branch together with one acre of

ground. In addition, each of the children received \$385.19 from their father's estate.

Guardian Tatum kept individual records for each of the Hoover children. The first page, devoted to the funds of Herbert Clark Hoover, shows these entries:

	Dr.	Cr.
March 7, 1884		
One third life insurance of mother		\$333.33
One third expense going to Cedar Rapids to get the above. R. R. fare \$1.70; horse feed, West Branch 40c., one day's time \$1.20	\$ 3.60	
Going to Kinksley and bring boys to West Branch, one half charged to each	12.50	
Clothing, Herbert	5.00	
		\$312.23



Herbert Hoover at 27 when he was called to Australia

In July of this year, Mr. Tatum petitioned the court for permission to sell the house and lot in West Branch, "since the children cannot occupy it, and it would have to be rented, and liable to get out of repair and depreciate in value unless a large share of the rents be applied in keeping same in repair."

The court approved, and appraisers set the value of the property at \$500. Finally, in 1886 the house was sold to David Witter for \$500, with \$167 cash and \$333 to be paid within three years. The annual report to the court shows that J. Cook received \$10 as a commission for selling the real estate.

Yearly reports of Guardian Tatum show that Herbert's expenses included board at the home of his Uncle Allen Hoover, taxes and a few legal fees. It records his trip

to Newburg, Oregon, when Herbert went to live with his uncle Dr. H. J. Minthorn. The sum of \$33.13 was sent to the uncle for railroad expenses. Lawrie Tatum was allowed 1 per cent for his care of the funds. Interest at 8 per cent was added each year to the principal which never amounted to more than \$822.67 at any one time.

In 1889, when Herbert was 15, the court records show this entry by Mr. Tatum: "Dr. H. J. Minthorn of Salem, Ore., has for some years had the care of my ward, Herbert C. Hoover, and has boarded and clothed him and sent him to public school, without charge. Now H. C. Hoover wishes to purchase a scholarship in a business college in that city (Salem). His uncle wishes me to pay for the scholarship and says 'I think if he had the scholarship he would make good use of it.' I think it would be for his best interest to have the scholarship and therefore ask the authority to purchase it."

The highest peak of Herbert's fund was reached in 1891 when it totalled \$822.67. Although he was only seventeen, he was supporting himself at his uncle's home in Oregon, and no funds were taken from his legacy in Iowa. His guardian makes this record:

"During the past year, H. C. Hoover has supported himself by work in a real estate office in Salem, Oregon. He is an industrious and faithful boy, now in his eighteenth year. He wishes this fall to enter Stanford University, near San Francisco, Cal., and make mechanical engineering a specialty. I think it best for him to go there and respectfully ask the court to approve it."

Going to Leland Stanford University was Hoover's first costly desire. Although he lived frugally in his freshman year, his school expenses, books and clothing cost

Continued on page 486



Birthplace of Herbert Hoover
West Branch, Iowa

In the rear wing of this house is the room where Herbert Hoover was born



Graduating class of Leland Stanford University showing Hoover in rear row, second on right, wearing derby hat

Cheering Career of the Country Editor

Functions of this phase of the "Fourth Estate" surveyed in a reminiscent mood by one of them—The contacts of the Editor of a Home Town Paper that came close to the hearts and life of the population in and outside of urban areas

By THE EDITOR

RENEWING memories and associations of my days as a beardless country editor, is it necessary to proclaim why I am an irredeemable, irreclaimable optimist? The details "herein recited" as read the welcome legal notices, the only copy that brought in cash at full rates, are merely a repetition of the experiences of thousands and even tens of thousands of country editors. They have fought, bled, lived and died, to keep the papers going that are now recognized as "paying prospects."

What a picture is revealed in the editor of a country weekly twenty years ago with a Washington hand press, a few fonts of bottle-cornered worn bourgeois type, an extra font of small pica for "briefs"—wood type always "out of sorts!" He made history. On the back of an envelope ripped wide open to give freedom to bills due, he utilized the white space for notes in chronicling the news of the community. The red painted barn, and even the erection of a tiny building decorated with jig-sawed diamond or crescent, recently glorified in Chic Sale's "Specialist"—all found mention in the local column as the architectural triumphs of Jeremiah Jones, "expert carpenter and joiner."

In the continuance of these days I have always found more than I can do every

newspaper editor as the basic achievement of my modest career.

These early experiences had rooted a habit of doing things for the thrill of seeing a record of it in the magic of print. Later, collateral to the exhilaration of



George Dolliver, Battle Creek, Mich.,
Nat. Edit. Ass'n.

"printing the news," and keeping wide-open ears and eyes, is every form of modern exploitation.

Recording events, either on a scrap of paper or at the case, "making up" with pyramidal precision, short items first, and even watching that the quad lines trickled down in triangular exactness, I followed through with planer and mallet, "locking up" with a firm grip on the "shooting stick." I saw the forms of the little paper put to bed on the press and then—grasping the handle of the old hand press with a sturdy right, whirling the form under with an effective left, throwing the tympan and fly aloft, I was absorbed in observing the "devil" across the press to see that "the color" was running even, and looked into the eyes of a blushing bride who had taken a country newspaper man to husband for better or worse. As she pushed the ink roller over the old tombstone that had somehow found its way into the print shop, do you wonder that I found inspiration that led on to the making of a confirmed optimist whose confessions are duly "hereinafter stated."

This beginning had followed a definite ambition of early childhood to become a printer's devil and be able to chew tobacco professionally and own a real weekly news-

paper, with my name at the masthead before I was sixteen. "Secondly," as the parson would have it, to run a daily newspaper at twenty-one before I voted. The drum cylinder arrived and the "daily" was launched with fear and trepidation, clad in the armor of "boiler plate" telegraph service, accompanied with an express bill C. O. D. every day. That made these three letters in the "case" unpopular. Later I found myself in the "Land of the C O D" trying to make the third port on my chartered career, "to have some sort of a magazine at thirty."

Why and how I ever drifted to the state where the Pilgrim Fathers landed I have never been able to explain, but it was where the "Youth's Companion" was published. This publication fired my ambition to become a publisher and editor of a magazine.

Here real troubles began. Pay rolls and paper bills seemed to expand faster and at greater proportions than the "hot-air" balloon at the country fair. The process of gathering news was the same, only that it involved presidents, magnates, senators, governors, congressmen and even kings, queens and aces—all about the same sort of humans as folks in the home town, including the proportion of bob-tail and royal flushes.

Struggles, disappointments and even



L. C. Hall, Wareham, Mass., Ex-President,
Nat. Edit. Ass'n.

successive twenty-four hours, but in all I ever have done or ever hope to do, and all the honors that may come to me in my work as a magazine editor or an author, adorned with college degrees, I count the distinction of being a thoroughly-seasoned, country



H. C. Hotaling, St. Paul, Minn., Secretary,
President, Nat. Edit. Ass'n.

overwhelming sorrows came betimes, but somehow the sunshine of hopefulness burst through it all as the clouds passed by.

My training in the country print-shop taught me to expect a large percentage of disappointments, because I had subscrip-

tions that were usually paid up when the "estate was settled" and the obituary notice printed. Under the watchful eyes of Doc Wasson, the big boss, and Hank Coggins, the "oathful" foreman, I first set the magic moveable type. It was a patent medicine "reading" notice, describing backache and stomach troubles, with the gruesome description of an invalid cured by one bottle or two—and yet continued an optimist and persisted in keeping the cases "heaping full," preferring distribution to the grinding click of setting type and handling the suggestive "sticks."

Pursuing the vocation of an all-round printer and editor, I chanced to meet William McKinley when he was on a stump-tour, and presented him the smooched proof of an editorial concerning him that I had put in type "at the case." Later when I met him as President of the United States, he recalled marking my proof, eliminating the "a" in "Mackinley" insisting upon his full Irish name. His kindly blue eyes and gentle smile re-enforced my faith in humankind. When he gave me an "authorized" interview with the President of the U. S. A., named my magazine and christened my book "Heart Throbs,"—a few more pages were added to the bright side of my life's ledgers.

Year by year I have done a sort of mental bookkeeping and find that the good things that come to me total far more in net results than all my disappointments. Out of the trouble corners "Phoenix has arisen" from the bitter ashes, like a soaring eagle.

Analyzed from every angle of experience, I feel the world is growing better and general conditions of human welfare improving. Meeting and mingling with all sorts of people has perhaps enabled me to *understand myself*. About all there is to human existence is people, and our voyage in life may be more pleasant if we find friendliness in the prevailing winds.

After interviewing, writing and printing biographies of over nine thousand people, more or less prominent in the public eye, I find but a small percentage of difference in the personal measurements of the furiously famous and the average individual.

The book "Heart Throbs" further confirmed my optimism, when fifty thousand people responded to my appeal to send me their favorite bit of prose and verse. The prevailing tenor of the letters that came with these selections was good nature. Confidence in their own summary of their respective life experiences was marked, free from the ban of the scorner's seat. Even the criticism of some editors of my "Heart Throbs" were so completely sarcastic that the reader interpreted them as unreserved and effusive praise. This indicates that the clouds of cynicism cannot withstand the sunshine of hopeful anticipation that springs eternal in the human breast.

At intervals, the magical periods of seven years in my young life, I have written personal impressions that prevailed at that particular age. Beginning on my fourteenth birthday and continuing on, approaching the seventh inning, I find myself "stretching" with satisfaction as I glimpse

at the score card, confident of winning the game in spite of "errors." Best of all I find the impulse to push on for the "next game," armed with a "rain check" that suggests the onward march of an optimist.

Reviewing the evidence accumulated in this whirling life of relentless chasing celebrities, I discover that every man who ever won a measure of success is fundamentally an optimist. In our own craft, Mr. Adolph Ochs of the New York Times, considered the best newspaper in the world, told me that his philosophy was based upon faith in himself, that enthusiasm essential in a country editor, never to look backward to celebrate anniversaries, but always concentrating upon the "next issue." Then there was the late President Harding, who loved his newspaper work more than the high honors of the presidency. A galaxy of senators and congressmen assert that country newspaper work is their real claim to any distinction they may have won. There is J. M. Beck, former Attorney General, and Rudyard Kipling who still quote incidents from early newspaper work as life inspirations. From the lips of J. Pierpont Morgan I heard the statement that no man can ultimately succeed in finance without being an optimist when the future of the nation is considered. William Dean Howells, John Hay, and Thomas Edison are noted as unswerving in their great expectations, generated in a country newspaper plant. The story of Henry Ford is an outstanding example of what concentrated optimism means. From him I heard the story of how he exercised his faith in himself and his ideas almost every hour of the day during the critical period in his life when he was developing his objective of mass production. The story of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the boy in the mines, Charles M. Schwab, driving the mules in the steel mills, of "Jim" Davis, the puddler stripped to the waist, dreaming of a future in the heat of a furnace, Herbert Hoover, the orphan boy, who faced with the problem of earning his way through college became a laundry agent.

At random, page after page from "Who's Who" provides a confirmation that fame and distinction came to those who have achieved because of a constant confession of faith in themselves early in life. Charles A. Lindbergh, reared in early youth with a country newspaper as his main source of intelligence, had that supreme moment, positive affirmative decision, despite the negative sneers he met as the "flying fool" and Lindbergh's optimism marked an epoch in aviation. The Wright Brothers had their first publicity and the announcement of an airplane in a country paper. The triumph of the "heavier than air" machine came from their bicycle shop next door to a newspaper office where the Wright boys repaired presses.

The rule may have its exceptions, but it is as changeless as the law of gravitation. The lively imagery of anticipation usually precedes a realization—whatever that may prove to be. The reason why I find myself at three score an optimist ready to make confession upon any and all occasion, is perhaps because of my experiences and contacts with human beings beginning with

the country newspaper days. What a wonderful life I have enjoyed, because of the opportunities given me to meet people, armed with pencil and paper and wide-opened eyes and ears, as I sought an expression from Delphic oracles regarded as "interpreters of public opinion."

Are there any emoluments that can surpass the precious privileges that come to the country newspaper man who has recorded the births, that marked the census increase for generations, within the charmed area known as the home town? He rejoiced as the proud father passed the cigars—and left him one—he recorded the visits of the Dark Angel, when the "arc of the family circle" was broken. Tender and sympathetic were the printed words of the editor, neighbor and friends, recorded in the eulogistic obituary saved in many scrap books. Perhaps he was the one who raised the fund that provided the uniform for the boys in the Silver Cornet Band or Hose Company No. 1, and gave a "send-off" to the boys and girls as they left for college or to "take a 'position' in the metropolis." Was ever a Fourth of July celebration held without the editor being requested "to raise funds" while others orated and paraded? He was chairman of the "fireworks" committee. Then came the weddings, silver weddings and golden weddings, all recorded in the home paper, concluding optimistically "and a good time was had by all."

More precious that little sheet became to those who "moved away." They watched for it in the mail and eagerly tore off the wrapper, looking for the names of the old friends living among the loved haunts of childhood, and those carried to the cemetery on the hill. Then there is that "forty years ago" column, in which you are startled to find your own name appearing often as an "old settler." The youth now attending the new Brick School house may look up at the picture on the wall of the editor who presented be-ribboned diplomas year after year as belonging to past ages. The children of today wonder what sort of people lived in the old town when the first railroad was built and the first telephones were put on the blink every night when the power plant operating the arc lights started with the dusk. They gathered at the "depot" when the train came in, with a picturesque view of corn cribs and elevators or they crowded around the newspaper office on election night to hear the returns or to read the bulletins when some great national calamity befell. There were no radios then to disturb the chimes of the "cowbells in the pasture" and no motion pictures to consume the small change. It is the same old cast of characters or "dramatis personae" as they put on an amateur theatrical program, much the same old play with new scenery and new acts reappearing with an array of new "props" for carrying on the great drama of life.

In these later days, the country newspaper man is beginning to reap the benefits of his labor. They more thoroughly understand the advantages of cooperation and how to make their work more appreciated at home. But all this reward of prosperity, current and prospective, well-earned and deserved, is not comparable to the deep

A Divorce Case Settled by a Gust of Wind

*How a lawyer facing a veiled client found the romance of his own life enmeshed in a divorce case
The tale is told in a charming way*

By F. BINNEY DE FOREST

EIGHTH floor, please." The boy barely caught the words as the woman stepped into the elevator. She was not the only woman among the men that crowded the lift to its limit. But she appeared remote from the others; there was an air about her that reminded one of the heroic Greek women, yet she possessed a subtle something that proclaimed, above beauty of form and feature, the woman.

As she stepped out, she walked down the long corridor until a short turn brought her in front of a door which bore the inscription, "Robert Sherwood, Attorney and Counsellor at Law." She laid her hand upon the heavy brass doorknob, as if to obey the commonplace words beneath the name, "Walk in without knocking." Then, suddenly, she snatched her hand from it and noiselessly retraced her steps.

When she found herself in the street, she was breathing as if she had been running, her nostrils were quivering and the flush on her cheeks gleamed through the thick veil. She stood at the street corner for a moment, her car coming, but before it reached her a quick change swept over her face, and courage leaped into her eyes. Turning, she heard herself again repeating, "Eighth floor, please."

With abandon, she now turned the brass knob and walked into the outer office. A young man came forward.

"I wish to see Mr. Sherwood," she said, answering his questioning look.

"Mr. Sherwood is engaged and can't be disturbed," he said with an air of superiority.

"But I must see him," strength of purpose to dare stamped upon her high-bred features. "I'll wait," she said, dropping into a chair.

"It's useless, madam," said the clerk, with dogged determination to obey the command from the great lawyer not to disturb him under any circumstances.

Further parley was interrupted by a voice coming from the inner office bidding the clerk to show the lady in. The woman recognized it. She had listened to it in the courtroom as the people were swayed by his eloquence.

Sherwood arose, laying down some important legal papers as she entered.

"You wish to see me?" he inquired.

"Yes, I wish to see you," she answered, struggling against the tremor in her voice.

"Won't you be seated?" he said with courteous kindness. "I'll be at liberty as soon as I have prepared these papers for my typewriter," taking up the documents he had just put down.

The woman grasped at the delay with a sense of relief, as she walked across the room and seated herself with her back to the open window, through which the inarticulate street noises far below drifted in and broke the death-like stillness of the room, except for the occasional rustle of moving paper. She had time to study the man, whose serene, massive strength of character was portrayed in the broad, high forehead and the deep-set, earnest eyes. The helplessness of her situation rushed upon her, and she shivered at the dire possibilities of it. Presently a relieving thought came to her. It was for another's happiness she had come, and that made her bold. Hope leaped into her heart even with the memory of those three warring years clutching at her soul; the wound fresh as if made but yesterday instead of long years ago.

Her husband was not happy, and she saw it; then came the death-blow, not to her love, but to their union. She could see him now as he said: "I have a part to play in the world, and will not let any woman thwart my plans." How those words bit and stung, and stifled her with the thought of what she might have been to him! How could she have failed him so? Now, she would make reparation, and in her brain beat the words and gave her strength. "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards; Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains; Though it pass over the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living; it is the will of the Lord; and His mercy endureth forever!"

"Copy those out at once." It was the lawyer speaking to his typewriter. "They must catch the next San Francisco mail."

As the door closed upon the young lady he turned toward his waiting client. "A gentlewoman!" was his mental comment upon her.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, seating himself not far from her, and dropping into the low and confidential tone of the legal adviser.

"I want to see you about—about getting a divorce from my husband." She did not look at him as she spoke.

"You wish to consult me about getting a divorce?" He repeated, surprise in his tone.

"Yes," she answered calmly.

The line deepened between his brows, and his expression changed. He disliked such cases.

"That's a pity," he said. "Tell me about it." His voice was sympathetic. "Why do

you want a divorce?" questioning her with that legal habit of getting at the bottom of things. "Does your husband drink?"

"I think not," she answered, with a barely perceptible start.

The lawyer looked puzzled. "Has he ever used violence toward you?"

"Oh, no!" she cried, with a little pathetic smile at the utter absurdity of such a question.

"Tell me your ground for complaint," he said, kindly.

"He went away a long, long time ago!" An air of retrospection clung to the woman, as she paused for an instant, "and I—I wish to be free."

The lawyer shifted his position. The old story, he thought—the self-sacrifice of woman.

"How about yourself?" he asked quizzically.

"Oh, I can get along," she said bravely, "but he needs a home. A woman can bring a home-feeling into the place where she lives, no matter how insignificant it may be. A man can't."

"I guess you're right," said Sherwood, and a sad smile came into his eyes and made them tender. "But I would rather not help you," the smile was lost in a frown now, "to give him an opportunity to make another home. He couldn't anyway," he appended under his breath. "I would rather help mend this broken one. I advise you strongly to try to win him back. If he's a man, he'll be glad of the chance to return."

In the woman's face there was a kind of waking fright mingled with a half-blind wonderment as she answered, "I did try, once—but my letters were returned to me unopened."

Robert Sherwood's face was full of compassion as he said, "Tell me all."

The woman's hands worked nervously, and her voice was vibrant with emotion as she began:

"We were both young, and loved each other truly, and for twelve months we were happy." A faint flush crept over her face as the memory of that perfect year came back. "After a while; I can't explain how, but discord wedged itself in, and I was impatient." The flush had given place to pallor now. "He was devoted to his work, and I—I think I was jealous of that devotion." She winced, but spoke steadily. "So we missed what I had dreamed of all my life, companionship; because of the lack of that rare endowment among women, adaptability. After he was gone I saw it all; how a man first and last wants in a wife a comrade—a comradeship that will love

his work, his life, whatever he is interested in." Suddenly she realized that she was talking to an attorney, and what he wanted was facts, not what she had learned in the long stretch of time since the then and the now. She recovered herself and went on.

"By and by the bickering grew into a real warfare; then! came the parting."

She could not bring herself to go over the details of that last day.

"After a while—" her voice caught in her throat, and was only a breath, as she continued—"a baby boy came with his father's eyes and brow, and I had something to live for and to—do. Oh, there is so much to tell!" she cried, pausing as if tired.

"Go on," pleaded the lawyer, compassionately.

"My son," the words left her lips with a caress, "grew strong. I told him of his father, how he had to go away, but some day he would come back to baby and mother. His father's face was ever before me. I told the child the things I wanted to tell his father; how I longed for him. I taught the boy that he must go to his father and say: 'I am your son and my mother is waiting for you.' I knew he would come back for his son's sake, for he had longed for a son. And I would tell him he need not be afraid, for the other woman was quite gone. She had to go in order to make his son what he ought to be." Only a glimmer of the wax-like face could the lawyer catch through the thick folds of her loose veil.

"At last the looked-for time was near. My bonny boy would be three years old next day, and on that day we were to go."

The expression on the lawyer's face was earnest as he leaned forward, one hand rest-

ing upon his knee, the other on the back of his chair.

"That last night," he recognized a break in the woman's voice, "I told my boy again and again just how his father would look; how strong and how grand, and how proud he would be of his son, and I would be waiting for them." She caught her breath sharply. "That night my boy was taken ill, and—and before his birthday eve he was dead."

The lawyer's hand went to his eyes.

"I thought I must go too," she went on, "but women live through everything. When I felt strong enough, I wrote my son's father, but my letters were returned unopened. How I ached to say to him, 'I understand. I have had the vision.' But I learned my lesson too late,—some do, you know. Still, richer than he, I have the memory of—of baby arms clinging to my neck, and moist baby kisses. Then the new creature in me spoke, 'He needs companionship and a home, and I can give them to him by making him free.' That is all," she breathed.

For a moment neither stirred nor spoke. Sherwood was so abandoned to thought that he did not notice how long the silence was.

When he spoke he said, "Men are bunglers; they hold in their coarse hands a woman's throbbing, loving heart as if it were wood." He arose and walked twice across the room. Then he came and stood before his client and went on: "I had a friend, a man, who had a similar story. He was not happy with his wife, and they parted. They had let that precious thing 'that many waters cannot quench,' slip out of their lives. I think the man was to blame. He began to think so, too, after

they had lived apart some years, and he had come to himself. Then he said, 'I will go to her and ask forgiveness, and we will begin all over.' He set off eagerly. When he got there they told him she was dead. He never had the chance to try again. Take my advice." He spoke earnestly. "You have the power, I feel sure, to win him back." He went on quickly, not giving her time to express her resistance, expounding, elucidating with the directness of a man sure he is right.

The woman's composure almost broke as his calm, resolute voice swept on. Once she put out her hands as if to ward it off. When he ceased she came to her feet with a swift motion; her slender figure, clad in black, standing out like a silhouette against the mellow light of the late afternoon sun. As lawyer and client stood facing each other, a sudden gust of wind with daring audacity leaped through the window and twisted and tore at the woman's loose veil and wrenched it from her face.

"Mildred!" he breathed, staring at her with his hungry eyes. "Is it you?"

She only smiled for answer, standing with the nimbus of the Holy Mother illuminating her face and filling the room.

"Mildred," he burst forth, "I never saw your letters, and they told me you were dead."

"I have come to life," she said tenderly.

He put out his hands toward her. "Come!" he cried.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!"

He took her in his arms, the new sacredness about her overflowing in his heart.

"Tell me more about my son," he said, his face quivering, as they sat down side by side.

Cheering Career of the Country Editor

Continued from page 482

sense of gratification that comes to a newspaper man when he realizes that "what he knows" is first-hand information. He has seen his home town grow with his paper and observed and sought information relentlessly. Observation and information coordinated make for intelligence. When you ask a newspaper man about his town he knows—because he knows the people, their goings and comings. He is something of a composite of all the professions, vocations and pursuits of the town, a confidant of the "Kingfish" and the brothers of the "Mystic Knights of the Sea," as well as the Ladies Aid and "Happy Are We" Social Circle and he can tell you family history and comment on faction feuds. Attending baptisms, weddings, funerals, prize-fights, country fairs, every sort of a public gathering and every kind of a celebration, to say nothing of the circus, the country editor is a general all-round "joiner" of every organization in town and has been kept busy paying dues. If there is a Chamber of Commerce existing he knows about it—or can tell you where it is buried, and who was on the printed list of the committee and who did the work. With such an array of distinctions, "ye editor," even if he evolves into reportorial work in the metro-

politan newspaper, digs his way into the heaps of country exchanges for original ideas. Arthur Brisbane, considered a great editor—and who admits the soft impeachment—is so because he knows how to relate people to things, but even the mighty Brisbane insists that the country editor keeps the mainsprings of individual aspiration in working order.

The full-orbed glory of Gutenberg's invention of moveable type is holding its own, premier place in human progress. All the collateral methods of modern exploitation and public information come back in some way to the printed word. Whether it be a radio program, a moving picture, aviation achievement, market reports, sports or comment on the arts, the newspaper confirms what we may hear or see as we race along in every-day routine.

While newspapers may seem to drift toward the impersonal, there never was a time when human-interest stories and personality counted so much. The same inherent craving for gossip prevails on Broadway as it does on Main Street. Metropolitan newspapers are filled with the same sort of hearsay that forms the basic current conversations—it even includes weather reports.

As the successor of the chronicles in papyrus, the country newspaper serves a human necessity from the time it is read until it reposes under the carpet or upon the pantry shelf. Its purpose is utilitarian, and the world as well as Will Rogers still gives as the source of most of its information the oft-repeated and never-ending response "I saw it in the paper." The newspaper man remains the uncrowned ruler of the Fourth Estate, which Napoleon, with his conquering armies, proclaimed a most vital power in human affairs.

* * *

In every crisis, the phalanx of patriotic editors has stood foursquare to every assault upon American institutions, at home and abroad. The country newspaper office usually contains a flag in its inventory to unfurl on national holidays.

In a vision of the future, I see fadeless stars in a field of blue glowing with the flowers of every State in the Union where the country newspaper editor has carried aloft the ensign of friendliness with an optimism that overwhelms the wails of carping critics of our day and generation. Confessions that are "good for the soul" come with a floral choral of friendship and greetings of good cheer to my fellow editors.

Ayer Edifice a Tribute to Advertising

The home of the house of Ayer expresses a motif in architecture that is an appropriate tribute to the ideals of advertising in these swift-moving times—The building occupied by the Ayer organization is devoted exclusively to exploitation in every phase

SOMEHOW I felt I was in the focal center, blending past, present and future, when I found myself within the walls of the House of Ayer in the city of Philadelphia, U. S. A.

From historic Washington Square, laid out by William Penn, diagonally opposite Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed and the Liberty Bell rang out, I looked upon a towering and impressive building. It suggested the triumphs of ancient and modern architecture, possessing beauty and dignity, that made me feel that I was glimpsing an example of the glorious present marking the trend of the future in expressing ideals and purposes in buildings, harking back to age-old aspirations of human kind. The graceful outlines of the structure with its retreating upper stories, adorned with classic symbolic figures, seemed to herald the impressive motif expressed in this distinctive bit of modern architecture.

Outward and inward the idea of Truth represented in the open book, with the swift winged messenger of exploitation at hand, seemed to eloquently express the genius of the age.

In the towering heights of the lobby of rusticated limestone, my attention was arrested by the striking and original presentation of suggested thought. The figures in the frieze were poring over the two open books. In the center radiated the sun as the source of inspiration, illuminating two seated figures representing executives, and on the opposite side a twain that suggested "Art" and "Writing," while at each end were two other figures symbolizing Youth. The panels of the door modeled in low-relief chronicled the activities of various departments of the House of Ayer even more definitely than the ancient Egyptians indicated events in their mystic hieroglyphics. Centering on the huge windows were three panels outlining the history of the N. W. Ayer Son organization, with the plough, the lamp and the third glowing with the suggestion of the future. One feels that "he must think as he goes" in observing the panels on the elevator doors and the carvings on the walls, which help to provide that atmosphere of art and comfort that is so clearly apparent in every detail of the structure.

On the twelfth floor I found Mr. Wilfred Fry, president of the organization, deeply immersed in his work. While waiting, I had a glimpse from the windows overlooking the park. The building seemed to sit in an open space reserved for all time; in front was the historic Washington Park and in the rear below was Governor Morris's old Colonial home, redolent with romance and history, a

cherished landmark of Philadelphia, that will defy destruction and remain a shrine of Revolutionary days. At this height I looked across to the opposite wing into the ornamental figures and decorative designs that gave a sweeping suggestion of Time's onward march from the architecture of the days of Babylon and the Pharaohs. Far removed from the madding crush, the building stands out aloof—a stately reminder of progress.

The equitable warmth of the building on



Building of N. W. Ayer & Son at historic Washington Square, Philadelphia

that cold day made me wonder about the heating, and I soon discovered that it was the first building of its kind to be heated perfectly without even the suggestion of a protruding or clicking radiator.

The foundation stone was laid on the eightieth anniversary of the birth of the founder of the firm, the late F. Wayland Ayer. On this occasion Mr. Wilfred W. Fry, his successor, made most modest and befitting dedicatory remarks that reflected the spirit of the institution:

"In preparing for this new building, we took ample time for planning; we have sought to let purpose and material control design, to mould form to decoration rather than decoration to form, and to approach

architecture through logical, structural channels. We believe this new home will fulfill in completeness, efficiency, comfort and simple dignity all that we can hope for in this modern structure of steel and stone. It is safe to assume that with such a building, planned, arranged and equipped to meet our particular needs, with facilities co-ordinated by many years of experience, in the light of modern practice and with the help of modern mechanical devices, our service to our clients should be measurably quickened and broadened."

Now I was face to face with the one upon whom the executive responsibilities of the organization rested. With cheery enthusiasm he made a tour of the building with me. What first impressed me was the spirit of the people within the building. It was like one large family. On the thirteenth floor—"lucky number"—was an assembly hall and cafeteria where the family of eight hundred and sixty people foregather for recreation and social contact. The view of Philadelphia and the Delaware River with its shipping, seemed like a magic panorama of progress. This group of Ayers has been growing steadily since Mr. F. W. Ayer launched the enterprise in 1869, with a purpose and a trademark and a slogan—"Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success," that has become world-famous and a basic principle in the modern science of advertising.

There seemed to be no dark corners in the new building, for the light rays were diffused from above and below, blending into the softness of all-pervading sunlight. Even the walls with the play of light, indirect and direct, created a magical effect of cheerfulness.

The greetings to Mr. Fry as we passed from floor to floor further emphasized the spirit of the company that gathers there to do work which reaches millions of readers of the printed page, and on the radio.

It was altogether homey, but there were real scientific tests made on what appeals and pays in advertising to reach the home tribunal. Results to serve the people as well as these charts in modern industry and commerce are the concentrated objectives indicative in every process of the daily routine in this building.

When I appreciated that this work is concentrated and directed under one roof and a very distinctive roof at that, I realized that I was in one of the largest and oldest advertising agencies in the world. The offices now extend even to dear old London town, where the ideals of the Guild Hall still prevail as thorough sturdy handicraft and workman-

ship. As I passed through the building I noted copywriters at work, and artists busy with their brushes, while the business organization was keeping the records of millions of business every year with scarcely the unnecessary rustle of a sheet of paper. What marvels are being accomplished in this wonderful age of business.

Here the one dominating thought seemed to be to make the advertising pay the advertiser and expand business on a solid foundation. It enlisted the inspiration of genius working toward a common purpose, co-ordinating observation and information to the fundamental phases of service. This includes a close study of the customer's history, product, market, distribution, sales volume and cost, organization and policies; past and present advertising and the competition confronting them; in other words, making a real laboratory analysis, and developing a plan or program that will function for results. With all the X-ray processes of modern business, research is pursued to the nth degree before launching a campaign, established on sound policies to be pursued over a period of years with the exhilarating plan of "keeping everlastingly at it." In one room I found a library of many thousand volumes pertaining to all subjects collateral to advertising, not overlooking reliable statistics and reports of government bureaus. All of this is utilized by the plans department, before the copy department is brought into action. The primary recognition is that business is business, and that the printed word must interest and convince. Every sort of experience is brought into play, trying to solve the age-old question of "What do the people want?" and "What will they want next?"

Then comes that magic process of "layout" in the art bureau, where the best artists of the world are secured to carry out the design, and make the drawings in their own studios, whether it be in the United States or in Spain or Italy. Already many artists of international reputation have contributed to the advertising production of this agency in its appeal for beauty which often proves a practical utility. It may be in the designing of packages or cartons as well as advertisements. All along the line, the best that can be obtained is sought to perfect a complete campaign.

One department that naturally interested me was the print shop, where the very latest in the "art preservative" was in evidence in the production of sixteen thousand advertisements every year. The sixty-three well-known families of "type," including seven



Panel indicating the motif of decoration of N. W. Ayer & Son Building

hundred "faces," are in evidence. The manner and method of putting these "movable types" together reflected the glory of Gutenberg, when he invented printing. Every detail is given a microscopic test and inspection by the proofreader. Another room that fascinated me was where the boys were opening the mail bags and filing copies of the

thousands of newspapers and magazines containing advertisements. There are probably more publications received every day in this one spot than any other in the world, for this agency insists on having the entire publication as a voucher in checking up the order for advertising.

What a thrill it gave me to realize one or other of my own publications had been coming continuously to this firm for over forty-five years!

There was to me a welcome odor of paper and printer's ink contained in papers and periodicals printed in many languages, coming from all parts of the world.

Altogether the N. W. Ayer & Son, Incorporated, seemed to be unique and distinctive. It is the co-ordinated purposefulness of a practical university in action. The list of customers reads like a "Who's Who," dating back to the days of the beginnings of advertising and large corporations. The first sensation that came with the heralding of "Uneeda" Biscuit, when a new combination word was coined and added to the lexicon of business, the American Bell Telephone Company here began its advertising, blazing the pathway for other large companies. Henry Ford issued advertising statements that almost marked the beginning of the automobile industry. Who can ever forget the roadside campaign of page advertisements that startled the world some years ago, when the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post* set the pace to woo readers by the millions. Significant is the motto of the firm, for the customers of N. W. Ayer seem to insist on "keeping everlastingly with Ayer." Under this one protecting roof, like the magic carpet, marvels and miracles in business success have come to pass, if viewed from the horoscope of anticipations three score years ago when the business was founded.

The sturdy battalion of eight hundred and sixty employees of the N. W. Ayer & Son, Incorporated, keep ever before them the objectives that must be possessed in order to win and establish public confidence and loyalty for their own allies. This is a natural corollary to the inner loyalties of the organization that is keeping step with the onward march of progress and the enduring ideals that have and always will bring about a betterment of life in the living.

Life Insurance Helped to Educate a President

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\$447.94 in addition to the funds he earned himself. His guardian approved of his desire to get a higher education and at the end of the first year Mr. Tatum reported:

"During part of the summer, H. C. Hoover has been assisting in a state geological survey under Brother Bramer, whom he considers one of the best geologists in the United States. He wishes to continue his studies at Leland Stanford and make geology a specialty. I think it best for him to continue his studies at said university and respectfully ask the approval of the court."

College won, and Hoover continued another year during which he received \$320.47

from his guardian to apply on his expenses. In addition, he supplemented these funds with his own work, according to Mr. Tatum's report:

* * *

"During the school year, Herbert C. Hoover was a student at Leland Stanford University. During vacation he was employed by one of the professors to assist in the state geological survey in Arkansas. For this he was credited with six months university work. He also received during this time \$65 per month."

In his junior year, his funds he decreased to a little more than \$100 and the \$90 of this for school expenses. Mr. Tatum praises

him in his last report to the court: "Herbert C. Hoover is making excellent progress at Stanford University. Although his funds in my care are about exhausted, yet he is ambitious to complete his course at the university, and I think he will succeed as he is frugal, industrious and energetic."

In August 11, 1895, Herbert Hoover was 21 years old. There remained of his legacy just \$12.72, and in the closing of the accounts, this fund was spent for miscellaneous items. By careful management, his Quaker guardian had made his small legacy stretch over a period of eleven years, and supply a good education to a boy who was willing to help himself.

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

GEORGE C. TYLER

The Eminent Theatrical Producer Recalls an old-time Recitation as a heart throb

It has been said that to know the dramatic story of Broadway is to know human nature in all its aspects. Certainly not many blocks of any city streets has been so much of tragedy and comedy, so much of glittering success and dismal failure, so many lifted into a life of fame, luxury and content nor so many doomed to lose sight of all that would make life dear. A theatrical manager of many years experience knows this, and George C. Tyler who has contacted so many dramatic lights and has been the moving power behind so many successes, has a broad education in the human side of life.

It seems to be the rule that many of New York's theatrical managers and impresarios have come—like Lochinvar—out of the west. Mr. Tyler was born in Circleville, Ohio in 1867, and was educated in public and private schools in Chillicothe in the state where eight presidents were born.

After his residence in a cosmopolitan city, engaged in all kinds of activities connected with the stage, he has had none too much time for the study of poetry, but recalls one old favorite—in fact one that he cannot forget because he chose it for his declamation in school. A tender heart memory is associated with "Bingen on the Rhine" which was written by Caroline Norton, the wife of a police magistrate of London.

One of Mr. Tyler's latest interests is the management of William Gillette's revival of Sherlock Holmes. This venture is welcome to the present and previous generations who are thrilled at the intense situations of the drama, and also it comes as "something new" for youngsters to enjoy.

In his office at the Amsterdam Theatre he was casting for several plays. The comments on the abilities and qualities of the various actors would have made interesting reading—for he has their records. An idealist, he insisted that there had not been a new actor for the last fifteen years; that modern plays were not creating actors, as in the old days when the theatre was free from the competition of sound pictures and other distractions; when acting was an art and not an action. Success was then achieved through a process of apprenticeship and a broad understanding of the stage and human nature. "This is the age of specialists and we cast accordingly," said he.

Many school boys recall the trembling knees and the self-conscious agony that was felt when reciting "Bingen on the Rhine"

and trying to achieve some gesture or some emotional tone to amaze the listening room.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
dearth of woman's tears.
But a comrade stood beside him while his life's
blood ebbed away
And bent, with pitying glances to hear what
he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that
comrade's hand
And he said, "I never more shall see my own,
my native land.
Take a message and a token, to some distant
friends of mine
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the
Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions when they
meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant
vineyard ground
That we fought the battle bravely and when
the day was done
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath
the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some
grown old in wars
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the
last of many scars.
But some were young and suddenly beheld
life's morn decline
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen
on the Rhine.

*** *** ***
Tell my mother that her other sons shall
comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that though his
home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a
child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of
struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide the
scanty hoard
I let them take what'er they would, but kept
my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the
bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen
on the Rhine.

* * *
NEWCOMB CARLTON

The President of the Western Union Telegraph Company finds Kipling's "If" a chart and inspiration in rough seas

Surrounded by paintings and models of old sailing ships, a very rare collection, I found Mr. Newcomb Carlton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, about the busiest man in New York, and yet there was no fuss or feathers about it. He must have had ancestors of the Viking order, or at least those who sailed the seas. Having just returned from Washington where he had been four hours before the Senate Committee, giving them information about organizations corporate and incorporate that impressed the members of the Com-

mittee very much, he was in a poetic mood. A frank advocate of competition, his testimony was illuminating, fragments of which were read with much interest in the newspapers.

Ever since Newcomb Carlton has been the executive head of the Western Union, there has been an aggressive and broad policy of administration apparent. Digging into every nook and corner he put things in shipshape order, down to the uniform and regulations of the messenger boys and making tidy the tiniest office of the W. U. The dominant idea was that in union or cooperation there was strength.

On his desk, tucked away under a glass top, I saw a copy of Kipling's "If." I asked him if it was his favorite poem. With a frankness characteristic of the man, he said "No, I cannot say that it is a favorite poem, but it is one that stands by—one that comes in mighty handy when the seas are rolling high. If you are the target of abuse it makes you feel like holding up and pushing 'full speed' ahead. The lines are not romantic or tenderly poetic, but they serve as a chart and reveal a practical purpose of poetry. One verse is enough, but two are better."

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt
you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too
wise;

*** *** ***
If you can walk with crowds and keep your
virtue,
Or walk with kings nor lose the common
touch,
If neither foes nor loving hands can hurt you,
If all men count with you but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,
And which is more—you'll be a MAN, my son.

Putting on his hat and coat, we walked down Broadway, discussing poetry of every shade and degree, with a mention of Gray's "Elegy" as we passed the Trinity Churchyard. The faces of the surging crowds at noontime were a study, all evidently intent on something to eat. We walked a long distance, but it did not seem far, because we kept step and were oblivious of the jangling confusion. Why not? We were in the Elysium fields of poetry in an environment of the brick and mortar of Wall Street.

Born in Elizabeth, N. J., the same town from whence came President Nicholas Murray Butler, he is a trustee of Columbia Uni-

versity. Beginning life as a mechanical engineer in Buffalo he was director of works at the Pan-American Exposition, and later vice-president of the Westinghouse Company. Although a director in many companies, his record as chief executive of the Western Union Telegraph Company marks the crowning achievement of his busy career.

HON. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

The Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives Revels in Walter Scott's poems as his heart throb

"Because he is so gloriously human!"

That was the reply of a prominent politician when asked why everyone likes Nicholas Longworth.

That is not the only reason why the Speaker of the House came to the dignified offices at fifty-six. The qualities of good nature and fairness were backed by the sound policies that are enduring.

In the long line of men of ability who have preceded Nicholas Longworth, there have been differing characteristics and equipments. The office itself is second only to that of President and Vice-President, and Speaker Longworth himself voices what he considered the most important requirements for the office. He gives:

"Cooperation involving a willingness on the part of individual members to give and take for the common good. Second, strong leadership with party responsibility and third, a strict adherence to rules permitting a majority to function."

Out of these fundamental requirements, the Speaker has always stressed party responsibility as the most important.

Speaker Longworth has been blessed with the temperament that makes and holds friends. He has a droll wit and has inherited both good blood and a keen mind. Well tailored, well-groomed, and always set up, he was never aloof, but easy of approach and tolerant of those who fell short of his ideals.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, where he was born in 1869, there are traditions of aristocratic significance attached to the old home and name. He was "fortunate in the selection of his parents." His forbears were noted for achievement and for the widest charities.

Young Nicholas came to Harvard and made a host of friends. He graduated from the Harvard Law School as well as that of Cincinnati and was admitted to the bar in 1894. He made the usual political journey through the House and Senate of his native state, and became a member of the fifty-eighth and sixty-second Congresses, being re-elected to the seventieth. He was floor leader before he became Speaker and that important office well schooled him for his arduous work. Persistence and a steady willingness for team work has made his pathway very direct.

Speaker Longworth's father and grandfather were lovers of poetry. The grandfather knew almost every line of Shakespeare, and could recite entire plays. His father was a lover of Scott's work. Nicholas Longworth gave me "Marmion" as his

cherished poem. The versification itself is attractive for its music and smooth rhythm and the drama of the poem of Flodden Field is stirring enough to fix itself in the youthful mind. Many a school boy on declamation day has communicated his thrill to the listening scholars with the lines:

"And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any Lord in Scotland here
Lowland or Highland, far and near,—
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

History, drama and romance are to be found if one but goes on from smooth opening lines, so descriptive of an ancient castle:

Day set on Norham's castled steep
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep
And Cheviot's mountain lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep
The loop hole grates, where captives weep
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

The warrior's on the turrets high
Moving athwart the evening sky
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armor as it caught the rays
Flashed back again the western blaze
In lines of dazzling light

H. ROSS AKE

The State Treasurer of Ohio does not wander far from Gray's Elegy to choose his favorite poem

In the State Capitol of Ohio, designated by a distinctive turret tower, H. Ross Ake in the year 1929 was the "Keeper of the Strong Box," in other words, the Treasurer of the State. He hails from Canton, Ohio, and was born on a farm in Osnaburg Township, near the city made famous as the home of President McKinley, and attended a typical country school, which was presided over by college undergraduates who laid aside their regular course to earn money by teaching to go on with their education. Graduating from the Eastman National Business College, he read law for a year and entered a real business career by establishing a complete office system in a growing plumbing establishment.

In the meantime, Ross Ake was taking a lively interest in politics, but never relinquished his love of literature and the writing of poems. He was elected President and Treasurer of the Canton Morris Plan Bank and served for two years in the State Senate and as Chairman of the State Americanization work, which has become a part of the educational system of the state. The plan brought over thirty thousand foreign-born people beyond school age to the evening schools. As a member of the Methodist Church to which President McKinley belonged, he has fulfilled the traditions of four generations of American citizens, owning and managing the same one hundred and sixty acre farm that has been in the Ake name for 115 years.

Familiar with every form of farm work, he knows something about the spirit of Whittier's Barefoot Boy, and when he was made State Treasurer by Governor Cooper, the universal verdict of those who knew Ross Ake was that an outstanding citizen

had accepted an important office in the state of Ohio.

Despite the busy days of his official work, he harkened unto my request and responded in his own genial way:

"My favorite poem is Gray's 'Elegy.' I think I may be pardoned for commenting on it in my own way, for it is these virtues that have made appeal to me:

The sweetest music, sweetest song,
That ever charmed the ear,
Is sweet because its melody
Is simple, plain and clear,

The plainest words, the clearest thoughts,
The simplest, modest truths
Are they that shine as brightest lights,
And deepest sorrow soothes.

"My favorite poet is Shakespeare. I read much of it long before I could understand it. One quotation impressed me when but a small boy and has remained through the years an ever ready help in many an emergency. It is from Henry the Sixth, King Henry speaking:"

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just
And naked he, the locked up in steel, whose
Conscience with injustice is corrupted.

HECTOR FULLER

The popular author and newspaper man selects one of James Whitcomb Riley's poems as a heartfelt lay

After experiences in sailing the seven seas as a sailor before the mast, rounding Cape Horn and visiting nearly all the continents on earth, young Hector Fuller decided that the U. S. A. was the place in which to grow up and launch a career. Starting in at farming in Nebraska in the days of draught and despair, he left the prairie seas for the rolling billows of a newspaper career, landing in Indianapolis. Here he became the great friend and confidant of James Whitcomb Riley and it was natural that he should choose one of the poems of the Hoosier poet as his favorite. It is "When She Comes Home."

When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome; I shall tremble—yes,
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet
distress

Then silence; and the perfume of her dress;
The room will sway a little and a haze
Clog even sight,—soul sight, even—for a space
And tears, yes, and the ache here in the throat
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

"After sipping all sorts of poetry and browsing in the fields of profound thought now and then, I find that this poem of Riley's goes straight to the heart and hits the tender spot every time. While Riley's poetry will live, it was a privilege to have lived with him in the days of his great creative work."

Mr. Fuller has had a wide variety of experience in newspaper work, beginning as a musical and dramatic critic. As publicity

manager for many large corporations and director of many important drives before and since the World War he won his spurs. Hector Fuller is called upon by the Advertising Club of New York to prepare the greetings for distinguished visitors, including kings, princes, queens and aces. It was Hector Fuller who greeted Ramsay MacDonald at City Hall. In a slip of the tongue he called him "Premier of the United States" which elicited a most wonderful letter from Mr. MacDonald. As Mr. Fuller was born in England, the error in reading the masterly scroll which he had prepared was excusable; for it indicated the fervor in which he includes about everything of pre-eminence for his adopted country, even giving Ramsay MacDonald the great honor of an American premiership.

* * *

WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH

The President of the United States Chamber of Commerce is one of the many prominent men who declare Gray's 'Elegy' their favorite poem

Men who have forged ahead in the march of life and whose names are highly honored, are the ardent admirers of the most democratic, sensitively expressed chronicle of the poor and unknown that is found in our language—Gray's "Elegy." Seemingly the humble, whose hearts have been "pregnant with celestial fire" find sympathy with the successful.

William Butterworth, prominent manufacturer and one of the foremost in business science, joins the army of men who have chosen this poem as a favorite. He is a member of The Friends' church, and that fact and the heredity which it signifies, confirms his broad, humanitarian spirit, and ability to see in Gray's lines.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil
Their humble joys and destinies obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

But knowledge to their eyes—her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll
Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Mr. Butterworth was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-eight and was located at Moline, Ill., although his birthplace was at Mainesville, Ohio. He represented the government at the Paris Exposition and has occupied many offices of trust, in bank direction and as director of Lights and Railroad in his city. Interested in historical matters he soon became prominent in societies of that character as well as becoming a member of the Society of Arts of England.

With a genius for executive matters he was made president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, the organization that gained 350,000 firms in three years and without bias or partisanship interprets to business houses the way in which the government can be useful to them. This body has made what was once more or less under

seal, available to all my making country-wide canvass of business sentiment. It is a position of honor which Mr. Butterworth represents, for American business is the embodiment of inventive genius, commercial courage and resourcefulness.

The career of William Butterworth began as a clerk in the purchasing department of the Deere Company and by successive steps progressed to the office of agent, treasurer and president. With great executive ability he once said that he read the condition of the business from the office wall, for an extensive map and chart told every step taken and its result by certain curved and colored lines. A glance told him just what he wished to know without exhaustive conferences. In appearance Mr. Butterworth is stocky and his eyes, set wide apart, never allow keenness and shrewdness to veil a look of sympathetic understanding.

* * *

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

The President of the Carnegie Institute has many favorites, but names "Invictus" by William Ernest Henley

"A rallying ground of culture for the people of Pittsburgh." This expression of appreciation was that of Samuel Harden Church, the president of Carnegie Institute. Coming from one who stood the closest to Andrew Carnegie, the great philanthropic founder, at the time when the institution was created, and who was active in shaping and carrying out these wise education movements, the words have an added meaning; they voice the ideals that made the benevolence possible.

"If you had one million—two million—at your disposal, what wise way would you choose to use it for the good of others? Mr. Carnegie asked this of the present president of the Institute and it shows how far he was trusted and what his judgment was worth. When Andrew Carnegie found himself in possession of such vast wealth, he turned to such men as President Church and the men who came into their conferences, in order always to choose wisely in promoting any charity. Thus grew the institution that soon covered six acres and Dr. Church has well carried out the far-seeing policies—the design to create a school that would provide instruction in all the trades and handicrafts which would enable men and women to earn a living.

Dr. Church came into the presidency of this—one of the most versatile institutions in our country—from experience gained in wide fields. He was born in Caldwell, Missouri in 1858, and attended western universities, afterwards becoming a student at Yale and the University of Pittsburgh. He had served on the staff of the Governor of Ohio, been a speaker at national campaigns, been the president of large industrial corporations, sent as a member of the American Mission at Morocco and for the work done was made an officer of the Legion of Honor of France.

To the general public, however, Mr. Church may be best known as an author and a contributor to various journals. He is the author of "Oliver Cromwell, a His-

tory," "A short History of Pittsburgh," and "The American Verdict on the War." One stupendous task was the production of fifteen volumes comprising the corporate history of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"I have always loved to range through the entire collection of poetry in the English language," said Dr. Church, "and I have so many favorites that it would be difficult to say which one I like best. For your purpose, however, I have decided to name 'Invictus' by William Ernest Henley."

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
Yet shall the menace of the years
Find and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

* * *

SWAMI PARAMANANDA

The Leader of the Vedanta Centre in Boston and the California Community finds his heart throb in an ancient prayer in Sanscrit

Overlooking the Fenway in Boston I found the home and retreat of Swami Paramananda, where for twenty years he has been the leader of the cult Vedanta. There was a scent of incense suggesting the Orient and yet on the walls of that beautiful little chapel were epigrams showing how all the religions of all the world of all times seemed to be combined in the all-embracing creed of Vedanta. Up a beautiful stairway I found the leader, Swami Paramananda, a charming personality, who conversed in a rich mellow voice.

The story of his life is as fascinating as a romance. He was born near Calcutta and came to this country at the age of sixteen, and for nearly twenty-four years has been engaged in the work that has attracted many followers. A few years ago he established a colony in California, near Los Angeles, and built a temple where open air meetings are held the year round.

In order to keep in touch with the two organizations, he has made a trip once a month to the coast for many years to be with his people and devoted and enthusiastic followers carrying on the work.

As the author of four books of poems, the genius of Swami Paramananda is revealed most impressively in his literary work. The poems in blank verse, he insists, come to him without thought or effort and scarcely a word is changed after they are recorded.

His first book of poems was titled "Soul's Secret Door" revealing a beauty of form, of thought and of spirit. They must have come to him even as the Psalms came to David, out under the stars, with the aloofness of spirit and the thought that no one was to hear them save God.

Continued on page 495



Tickleweed and Feathers



HE was a cashier for a large insurance company, and his fortnight's holiday had just ended. As he entered the office on Monday morning his fellow clerks rose to greet him, but he held up his hand for silence, and before anybody could say a word he distributed among them a number of neatly printed cards, reading thus:

"Thank you!"

"Yes, I enjoyed myself."

"Oh, tennis, golfing, walking, etc."

"Yes, rained considerably."

"Hard to tear myself away? You bet!"

"I should. I'm feeling fit as a Strad."

And without further ado he started in at his regular work.

Teacher: "What is the interest on a thousand dollars for one year at two per cent? Ikey, pay attention!"

Ikey: "For two per cent, I'm not interested."

Tramp, overtaking young Simpkins on a lonely road: "I say, young sir! Can yer 'elp a poor feller wot's 'ard up? All I 'as in the world is this stick an' a loaded revolver!"

The day before she was to be married, the old negro servant came to her mistress and entrusted her savings to her keeping.

"Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to me married," said the mistress.

"So I is, Missus, but do you s'pose I'd keep all dis money in de house wid dat strange nigger?"

A woman named Hubbard once went to the cupboard for "something" to quench her thirst, but when she got there the cupboard was bare, Mr. Hubbard had been there first.

Middle age in a straw hat's life is that period when you can't tell the difference between a this year's and a last year's.

The angry solicitor looked at a three-penny-bit in his hand. "Here?" he said, glaring across at the countryman to whom he had given advice. "What is this for? My fee is six-and-eight-pence." A smile spread over the yokel's face. "That be al right, sur!" he replied. "Six and eight pence make fourteen pence, fourteen pence be one and two pence, and sure enough one and two pence make three pence. Good day, sur!"

He was a most reluctant witness, and counsel had cautioned him several times. Coming to the vital point, counsel said, "now, answer me carefully. Was the man you helped to get from under the tram a complete stranger?"

Witness (remembering warnings): "No! He was only a partial stranger. He had a leg off."

Bill—How are you getting along since your wife went away?

Jim—Great! I've reached the highest point of efficiency. I can now put on my socks from either end.

Father: "Your studies are costing me a lot of money."

Son: "I know, dad, and I don't study very hard."

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman. The dreamer said, "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her vanity, and she will love me for them." But the man of action said, "How old-fashioned! I shall make a corner in the stock market, and that will win her." So the dreamer wrote verses, and he induced a friend of his who ran a magazine to print them. And the man of action cornered something or other, and became a millionaire. In the meantime, the girl married a man who had inherited money, but the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care; and the man of action was so busy that he didn't grieve. The only one to suffer was the man she married.

Lady, to tramp: "And you say you are an educated man?"

Tramp: "Yes, ma'am, I'm a 'roads' scholar!"

Teacher: "Now, take the sentence 'I have bought a car.'"

Prodigy of the Class: "It wouldn't be correct teacher."

Teacher: "Why wouldn't it?"

P. of C.: "To be truthful you should say 'I am buying a car.'"

Two little boys came into the dentist's office. One said to the dentist: "I want a tooth took out, and I don't want no gas because I'm in a hurry."

Dentist—That's a brave little boy. Which tooth is it?"

Little Boy—Show him your tooth Robert.

"Edna," said a mother to her little 3-year-old daughter, "what's the reason you and your little brother Everett can't get along without quarreling?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless I take after you and Everett takes after papa."

Mr. Facobs: "I sells you dot coat at a grand sacrifice."

Customer: "But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living?"

Mr. Facobs: "Mien frient, I makes a schmall profit on de paper and string."

Woman (talking over telephone)—Will you please send up a bale of hay?

Dealer—Who's it for?

Woman—The horse.

"I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes, madam," replied the milkman; "of course, we keep them in a pasture."

"I'm so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed. "I have been told that pasteurized milk is much the best."

A barber was much surprised to receive a tip before he had cut the customer's hair.

"Thank you, sir! It isn't many who tip us first," he said.

"That isn't a tip," snapped the man in the chair. "That's hush money."

"Why does a parson have an easier time than a lawyer?"

"Because it is easier to preach than to practice."

An Irishman, having come to England in search of work, engaged a room in a boarding-house. "There's your bed," said the landlady, pointing it out to him, "and there are two more to sleep in this room, but they won't be in till late, so don't be alarmed." "They're welcome!" replied the Irishman. Before getting into bed, however, he locked the door. During the night he was aroused by a loud knocking. "Who's there?" he asked. "W eare the lodgers. Open the door!" was the reply. "No room for ye!" said the Irishman. "How many of you are in the room?" they asked. "Enough," was the reply. "There's mesilf, Paddy Murphy, a man come over from Oireland, a man look-in' for wurrk, a man wid a wife and sivin childer, an' a Tipperary man, too!"

Exposition Glorifying the Soul of Progress

Some detailed plans of the Epochal World's Fair Exposition to be held in Chicago in 1933. Something new and strikingly modernistic and characteristic of what has been achieved in a century with some buildings that are a distinctive architectural tribute to early civilization of the western continent

By W. E. PRICKETT

ENDOWED with soul, that recognizable yet most elusive quality, Chicago, the city of "I will," proposes to hold a second world's fair in 1933. It will be a new kind of exposition; one quite different from any preceding fair of international significance. Of major importance is the fact that it is believed that it would be impossible to create a thoroughly successful world's fair devoid of soul.

The Exposition of A Century of Progress—the Chicago World's Fair of 1933—as conceived by its sponsors, may be truthfully said to be an institution which, decidedly and unmistakably, has soul. Broad vision of human relations, lively sympathy with human aspirations and upward struggles, keen imagination of human advancement and of possibilities yet to be attended—the exposition is born and cradled in this very human atmosphere.

An exposition of processes, of acts by which men and women have reached out into the universe, discovered unknown and unused powers, and then invented delicate harnesses so strong as to capture and control, for human help, inanimate energies in the physical world,—an exposition so conceived and carried to finished accomplishment, will thrill, through and through, with vital qualities.

Chicago is a municipal personality that embodies distinctive attributes, some inherited and some newly generated, which impress occasional visitors more than local residents. Just as there is a distinctive New York, Boston, London, Paris and Berlin, so, too, is an outstanding name associated with "great cities of the world."

Born in what was little more than a swamp about one hundred years ago, Chicago has grown to be the second city of the nation, both in population and in importance. During the comparatively short period of its life, Chicago has survived hardships, massacre, calamitous fire, disasters and unwarranted publicity of a most unfavorable sort, and has gone serenely about her business, constantly growing vastly larger and more beautiful with the succeeding years.

Since 1893, Chicago has been a world city. Hundreds of millions in India look to her as "A Holy City." Chicago's ties of trade and finance, as well as her cultural and

spiritual bonds, identify her with all humanity.

The Columbian Exposition of 1893 brought a multitude of visitors to Chicago from all over the world. By that great world's fair the peoples of the earth were

act. Plans for a second world's fair, designed to celebrate the city's municipal centennial, were twice set on foot, widely discussed, and officially abandoned. The idea did not fit. In common parlance, it did not "click." The local phase smothered it.

But the general idea of holding a fair would not down. When it again forced its way to the fore, those who consented to make themselves responsible to the world for an international exposition chose to build to an ideal rather than merely an idea forced into any artificial framework.

It was inevitable that the fair should be designed to depict human advancement during the period of Chicago's development.

A city, then, with a decided personality, reaches out to celebrate its attainments in ten decades, with the celebration keyed to include all mankind.

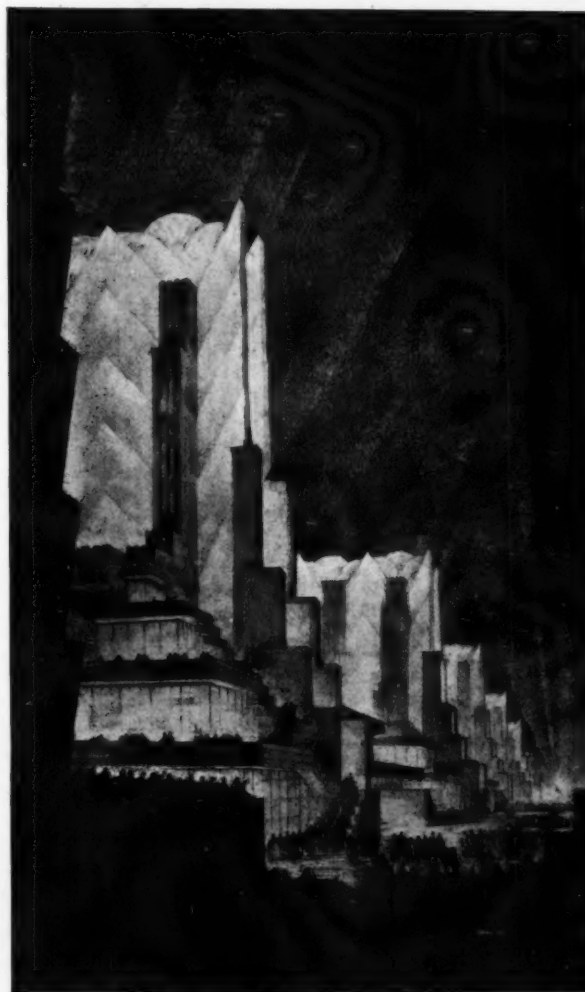
Hence, an ideal, big, noble and inclusive is embodied in the official name of the fair—A Century of Progress—in the exposition devoted to a dynamic dramatization of that progress, and in the fine spiritual aspirations of those who are sponsoring the enterprise.

In order to interpret the remarkable changes which have taken place during the last century, changes that have meant the general betterment of the human race, it is essential that the achievements of science must be made the main theme of this new kind of world's fair. And behind that interpretation there must be the soundest and most generally accepted authority. Such authority unquestionably is the National Research Council.

The services of that body were asked for and freely given. Immediately there was appointed a Science Advisory Committee comprising more than 400 eminent scientists divided into some 40

groups concerned with as many different branches of science. It was their task to prepare reports on ways and means by which the exhibits of science could best depict its accomplishments in dynamic fashion. The combined reports will be a sort of "scenario" for the staging of the epochal event.

Beyond the interpretations of pure and applied science, the Science Advisory Committee is planning another group to dramatize the contribution made to humanity



One of the main groups of exhibition buildings, as designed by Harvey Wiley Corbett of the Chicago World's Fair

drawn together for a common purpose; learned to know and understand each other better; and thus the general good of humanity was considerably enhanced. Its effects were far-reaching and lasting.

It is not surprising, therefore, that this accomplishment should serve as an inspiration or motivating impulse, both to the older and younger generations of Chicagoans, to duplicate or surpass that performance of 1893.

Characteristic of Chicago, to desire is to

through new social organizations. Thus it is hoped to affect favorably and healthfully the thought of the world with a new interpretation of human fellowship.

Incidentally, A Century of Progress will be the first world festival which can be captured by color-sound and action photography, be permanent and portable on films, and bear, even to the generation yet unborn, the revelations and exhaustless inspirations of man's conquests of the universe.

The old type of world's fair has joined

will find more generous provisions for their general comfort than have ever been conceived.

Associated in the planning of the physical aspects of the exposition are eight of the foremost architects of this country. They are men who have done and are constantly doing big things in a big way. To them lies the credit of many famous pieces of modern architecture in the large cities of the United States.

That the architecture of the exposition of A Century of Progress will have modern-

Transportation to all parts of the grounds and to the buildings, abundant chairs for rest, places for refreshment and recreation, bathing beaches, sanitary privileges—every physical need of grown folks and of children will be generously provided. Even the flooring material will be of a pliable nature which will be kind to tender feet.

Progress is, in the last analysis, a matter of folks; of enabling people to get more done with less effort; of substituting leisure for exacting labor; of raising to higher levels all standards of existence.

Building materials used will be the most modern, and although the structures will be only semi-permanent, they could well serve their purpose for many years. Up-to-date construction methods will allow of quick building and obviate the importation of outside labor.

The first building is now under way. It will house the organization. By the time these lines are printed, the great building which will form a part of the Travel and Transport Show will be in course of construction. Other buildings will be started before autumn of this year.

The Columbian Exposition was built in 21 months. This in the days of wheel-barrows and much hand labor. It is only reasonable to expect that the world's fair of 1933 will spring up like magic under the touch of Aladdins of the new building era.

The site is ideal. Eight miles of lake front, adjacent to the business section of Chicago; which means proximity to hotels, theatres, restaurants, clubs, department stores, etc. All Chicago transportation leads to the "loop" section, which virtually means to the fair. The outlets and inlets of automobile travel are exceedingly numerous, and elaborate plans are being made for handling traffic.

Chicago Day, October 9, 1893, brought 716,000 paid admissions to the world's fair. Total admissions during the few months of the fair amounted to 21,480,000 paid and some seven millions on passes—more than 21 times Chicago's population.

Two-thirds of Chicago's present population is more than two millions. Therefore,



Proposed Chicago's Century of Progress Building

other customs and habits in the limbo of past things. The Columbian Exposition of 1893 was an occasion which developed great men and leaders. Daniel H. Burnham was one. As Architect-in-chief he proved himself a giant of his generation. He foresaw our age as he saw his own. He wrote:

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood, and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us."

Appropriately enough, Daniel H. Burnham, 2nd, has been made secretary and director of works of the 1933 exposition. This son of a wonderful father who created the matchless beauties of the world's fair of 1893, and bequeathed to posterity the Chicago Plan which made inevitable a harmonious program of urban and suburban developments covering 7,817 square miles, fifteen counties and more than 250 municipalities, will carry on the work which "our sons and grandsons are going to do."

As president of the Regional Planning Association, Mr. Burnham is trained to think in terms of co-operation, on the human side, and of great areas. His vision is wholly and constantly of human comforts and conveniences; of betterments affecting the health and happiness of multitudes.

In such circumstances, it is to be expected that guests to the new kind of world's fair

istic tendencies is a foregone conclusion. Although built upon a tract of land and water of about 1,000 acres, the fair will be concentrated and compact. The buildings will be, for the most part, two or three stories high. If present plans are carried out, visitors will be conveyed to roof levels, from where they may descend by easy stages on ramps leading to the ground.

The management of the exposition real-



Administration Building of the Chicago World's Fair

izes keenly that one habit is rapidly being lost among Americans. They will not walk. Pedestrianism is becoming one of the lost arts. So, at the world's fair of 1933, visitors will find that walking is reduced to the vanishing point—except downward. Fatigue has been the bugbear of international expositions. It is the enemy of pleasure and enjoyment.

the management of the second world's fair must install, in 1933, on the lake front, public utilities adequate for a permanent city of from one-and-a-half to two million population, and in addition, all special facilities required to transport, entertain, instruct, enlighten, inspire visitors, and keep them in good humor, rested and appreciative.

Twenty-one times Chicago's present

Continued on page 494

Chicago's Great World's Fair 1933

Text of an address by President Rufus C. Dawes of the World's Fair that reveals the "I Will" Spirit of the Metropolis of the West in fittingly commemorating a century of epochal progress

IN Chicago has been written an important chapter in the history of man's upward progress; here great obstacles have been overcome, great wealth created, and here have been laid broad and firm the foundations for great institutions of religious influence and of educational and cultural value.

Chicago is a city great in industry, finance and commerce, great also as a center of religious effort, unsurpassed in the educational opportunities it offers to the public, conspicuous for its high-minded civic pride and spirit, and an example to the world in its efforts to achieve beauty in buildings and boulevards and parks and public improvements.

The saga of Chicago deals not with the doings of gods and giants, but with the miracles of modern times. It has modern faults and is keen with the modern spirit. Youth and vigor give force and character to its eager ambition. It does not fear to show itself in its true character, stripped of every pretense before the world. This engaging frankness leads me to quote the words of the late Bishop Anderson who said that "To know Chicago is to love her and to love her is to serve her." It does not deny that the accomplishments of the past, great as they are and worthy of all celebration, are nothing but a preparation for greater achievements in the future.

The book is not closed—the story is not finished.

Once before Chicago held for the Nation a great celebration. Can Chicago ever forget the advantages that came from the enthusiastic co-operation of all its citizens at that time, in the creation of a civic pride and spirit. Nothing is beyond the power of Chicago when once such a spirit is aroused.

And is it not possible now for Chicago to adopt a great ambition for a similar achievement, that will make all classes of people work together with enthusiasm for a common cause?

Employer and laborers, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Republican and Democrat, native and foreign born, cannot they all, men and women alike, work together as citizens of Chicago to establish its real character among the cities of the world?

And working thus together, would they not derive spiritual satisfaction as well as material advantage? The evoking of this spirit was perhaps the greatest benefit of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893. From that exposition came also the great Field Museum, the higher development of the Art Museum, the creation of the Chicago

Beautiful Plan; and among the people at large a new appreciation of beauty, so that Chicago since then has been a better city in its outward form and in its inner thought.

The Celebration of Chicago's Centennial to be held in 1933, will give to this city an opportunity to call forth again this same spirit and to secure material advantages of the same kind.

I think it is what the city needs, and particularly needs in view of its present

his own uses. In the last hundred years, man has made more progress in adjusting himself to a comfortable relation to his physical world than in all the centuries that have preceded it. Prior to this century, man saw much to fear and nothing to use in thunder and lightning. He lived half terrified by the awe-inspiring forces about him. At the beginning of this century, he had just begun to make practical use of steam and to dream of a possible use of electricity and chemistry. The people of



East facade of Administration Building of Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition

problems of local government. It needs it on account of the problems of the farmer, for this city depends more than most of us realize upon the prosperity of this great agricultural area in serving which Chicago has become great. In setting forth before the world the achievements, the problems and the needs of this great farming population, Chicago would advance its own interests. More than ever before the problems of the farmer require the attention of men in the cities.

* * *

The particular achievements towards human progress that have marked any century must determine the character of the celebration that commemorates that century. If twenty-three hundred years ago the people of Athens had held a Centennial Celebration, they might have recorded achievements in architecture, in sculpture, in dramatic art and perhaps in athletics more notable than in any century before or since that time. In all these respects the achievements of this last century also have been notable and must be recalled as a stimulus to future effort.

But what has marked this century, and particularly the last half of it, has been the control by man of the forces of nature to

this State lived 100 years ago, under the same physical conditions as prevailed among the Italian people under the Roman Emperors, using precisely the same methods of transportation and communication. But the world was more full of promises then than it ever was before, for man had turned his mind to the study of nature with the purpose of making practical use of all its forces, for his own advantage. Since then he had extended the domain of human knowledge and almost established a domination over natural forces. He has annihilated distance in communication, and almost conquered it in transportation. He throws his voice around the world and flies through the air.

* * *

Such victories deserve a celebration, for they have lifted burdens from the shoulders of men, and brought to them comforts and leisure. They even bring the promise of a victory over poverty itself.

These great services of science to mankind, and the social changes due to them, are the outstanding characteristics of the century drawing to a close, at the beginning of which Chicago had its birth. The changes which follow after scientific discoveries come with ever-increasing speed. At the

World's Fair of 1893, there were seen no aeroplanes, no radios and no automobiles. It has been computed that one third of our people live and derive their support from industries not then in existence.

There is every reason to expect further changes and, therefore, every advantage to

The National value of such a celebration has received the endorsement of Congress and invitations in the name of the United States and of Chicago have gone forth to all the Nations of the World with which we have diplomatic relations.

That all citizens of Chicago will join in

incurring liability to political interference or creating an obligation to any firm, person or corporation that has a personal interest, and which is not in any part drawn from any of the sources which heretofore have furnished all the money for such entertainments, and particularly after the United States Government and the City of Chicago had invited the world to participate in it.

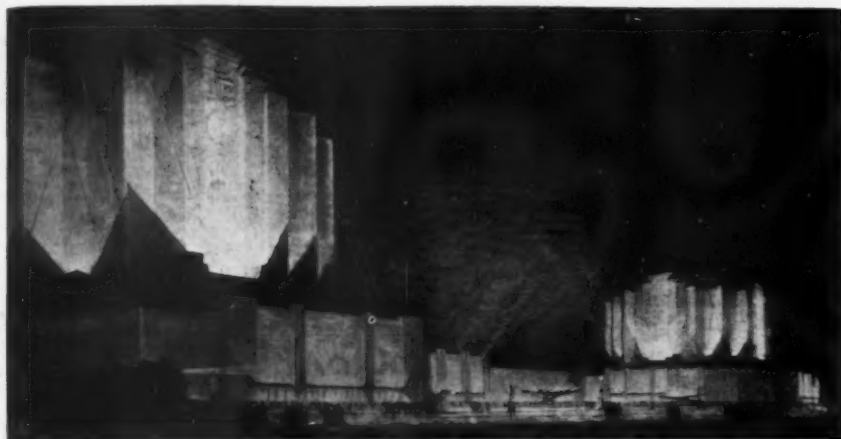
You may have your doubts as to the size of the celebration; you may have your doubts as to the ability of the men who have it in charge to make it all that it ought to be, but it is a slander upon Chicago for anyone, in Chicago or out of Chicago, to express the slightest doubt as to whether or not there will be such a celebration.

* * *

Through the generosity of leading citizens of Chicago also, a credit of ten million dollars has been established for our Association, the use of a small part of which has enabled us to make progress in the preparation of physical plans.

What I would emphasize again is that the opportunity is here, by adopting a high ambition, to summon a great spirit and unite the efforts of a great community to achieve it.

In this effort we could strengthen the character of Chicago, establish its real reputation, and show the World that in our city there still lives an appreciation of the better things, a high ambition to attain them, the courage to make the effort, and the everlasting determination and ability to succeed.



The Travel and Transport Building

be gained by strengthening the bond between science and industry.

Advancement in the power of production is of late always brought about by the prompt application of scientific discoveries to industrial processes. That has been notably true since the war and in the United States. That will be the thought to be stressed at the Centennial Celebration.

extending a cordial welcome to these invited guests is certain.

I submit to the judgment of all people whether or not there can remain a doubt in the mind of anyone as to whether or not there will be a celebration of our centennial here in Chicago in 1933 when, more than three years in advance of it, we have the sum of ten million dollars raised without

Exposition Glorifying the Soul of Progress *Continued from page 492*

rapid transit population is about one hundred million. That number represents one fifteenth of all the women, men and children now living on this planet.

Such a feast of sensuous delights has never before been possible, as is now being prepared for the delectation of visitors to the exposition of A Century of Progress. Entrancing vistas of fountains, lofty cascades and quiet lagoons, illumined from without and within—a constant shifting of forms and contours on facades of great structures, while melodies of lights, symphonies of color weave inexpressible raptures in beauty loving souls—fragrance of flowers—strains from invisible orchestras and carillon—and all human senses challenged constantly.

One of our great seers said, about four-teen years ago: "We are standing at the edge of a new age in the life of the world." If that be true, the coming world's fair should help millions of common people to think clearly, with less confusion, and to comprehend more surely the practical phases as well as the marvels of the universe in which we live.

Progress in human beings is, after all, the only value in progress in science and arts. If the new age in human life can be handled by a better grade of human beings,

there is hope ahead for the human race. If A Century of Progress exposition can set forward that progress it will be memorable, a credit to Chicago, to the nation, and to the world.

The "Wharf Players" at Provincetown *Continued from page 475*

born. There is a great deal of excitement, whispering and anticipation about the last named play, "The Favorite."

Associated with Mr. Tynan is Enid Romany, Dorothy Graw, Doris Jay, Cynthia Blake, Sally Washington, Rachel Allyn, Luene Rogers, Robert Rendel, Harold De Becker, Joseph Brennan, Neil McFee and Clinton Sundberg. Stanley Pratt and Boris Glagolin are directing the productions.

Brandon Tynan, the author of "Robert Emmett," the man who lifted the Irish Theatre in this country from the maudlin musicals of vaudeville to the level of Leats and Lady Gregory, the man whose performance in "Little Eyolf" was hailed by the New York critics as "the greatest acting since the days of Henry Irving;" at work in Provincetown, the cradle of much of the finest of our American drama! I can only eagerly anticipate the results of that combination.

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People *Continued from page 489*

Attired in white with a red sash, in the dim darkness of the chapel, his soft mellow voice seemed to have a suggestion of the mysticism of the occult, and yet I do not think I have ever met a more democratic, thorough-going man of American manners than this native son of India.

When I asked him for his favorite poem, he did not hesitate, but quoted those magic words that appeared in the Sanscrit, which Max Muller, the distinguished master of languages, pronounced one of the most beautiful things ever expressed by human voice.

Loves give and ask nothing in return
He who gives and asks anything in return
His Ocean full of gifts dwindle into nothing.

To hear Swami Paramananda repeat the lines was to give them that atmosphere of lofty holiness in which it was conceived in the early dawn of human civilization.

One of his own poems "Unveil Thy Face" is given:

Who art Thou that walkest before me and behind me
And in the hour of sleep standest in watch beside me?
Wilt Thou not unveil Thy face whose love hath already made me captive?
Freely am I bound to Thee
Freely do I remain bound;
For Thou hast poured upon me Thy unbounded love unasked.
Unasked will I make my offering unto Thee.



Scenes from W. H. Bristol's Motion Picture "Mary's Little Lamb" taken on a location near Wayside Inn

The School "Mary's Little Lamb" Attended

*Sidelights on the scenes associated with the writing of "Mary had a little lamb" near Wayside Inn—
The old schoolhouse preserved and utilized by Henry Ford as a real country school*

IN Sterling, Massachusetts—called by the Indians Woonchauset—once a part of Lancaster—lived Mary E. Sawyer. Her family was among the first settlers and the "little red schoolhouse" which stood on Redstone Hill was the scene—so it is believed—of that famous incident which has survived through literature until this day. Parody cannot kill the story of Mary Sterling's little lamb; controversy cannot dim the tale nor time add to nor subtract from it; the fact remains that a lamb, beloved and petted by a little girl, followed its mistress to school and thereby took a place in literature unequalled by many famous characters, historical or fabulous. The story is that Mary—afterward Mrs. Mary E. Tyler—nursed the lamb when its mother had abandoned it and the lamb "loved Mary so" that it did follow her about—even to school where Mary attempted to

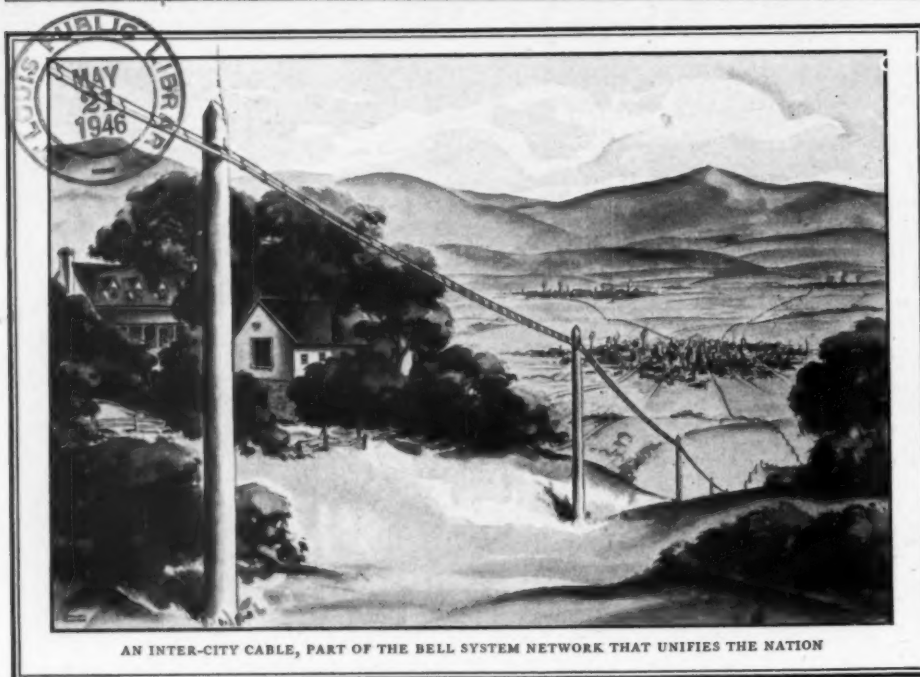
hide it under her desk. But school teachers eyes were as keen in that day as they are now in our graded schools and the pet was taken out to the shed to bleat its woe until Mary's lessons were over.

John Roulstone, a neighbor, nephew of Rev. Lemuel Capin, was preparing for Harvard and—having early literary aspirations—he wrote a poem about the lamb. The pet lived and produced wool, and when funds were to be raised for the completion of Bunker Hill monument, its mistress conceived the idea of utilizing that wool and at the "Old South Fair" in the Old South Meeting House, Mrs. Tyler sold bits of this wool. Considerable money was raised from the sale. The card wore the owner's autograph.

What matters it whether Mary had a little lamb or a sheep—as long as the fact

is established that it "followed her to school one day." The action in the romance of the old rhyme is the important thing. Millions of children have lisped the words until it is recognized as one of the musical nursery rhyme classics.

Now to controversy. Mrs. Hale, editor of Godey's Ladies Book, one of the first women editors in the United States, printed a poem about a lamb which she had owned. She always claimed that the lines were original and so readers have come to regard the story as one of those peculiar coincidences often created in publications. It is said that anyone who knew the first claimant of the "little lamb" story could never doubt its authenticity and anyone knowing Mrs. Hale could never believe her capable of claiming undeserved distinction. It rests there. Mrs. Tyler became the wife of Col-



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of childhood. Mr. Henry Ford after purchasing the Wayside Inn at Sudbury located the schoolhouse and has preserved a setting for this historic nursery rhyme. A motion picture has been made by the Bristol Company of these scenes that will ever appeal to the heart of American childhood. No more fitting or picturesque setting for the epochal schoolhouse could be chosen than in historic Sudbury and the Old Bay State where the first public school ever supported by taxation was established.

* * *

MARY Had a Little Lamb," as we now repeat it, was written by this Mrs. Hale, whose maiden name was Buell. She was born in Newport, N. H., in 1788, and died in 1879. She was left a widow with five children and in her day not many women knew how to support themselves. She was a pioneer in earning money with her pen. She began by writing little poems, and her work attracted a Boston editor who gave her an editorial position on the *Ladies Book*. From this position she went to Philadelphia where she held the position of editor of *Godey's Ladies Book*. At that time she bought the writings of Edgar Allen Poe for fifty cents a page.

Mrs. Hale composed a number of poems and articles, compiled a book of quotations and wrote the biographies of celebrated women of all time. Her name depicting American life was entitled "Northwood."

In 1830 she published a book of writings that included "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

There has been considerable discussion about the poem for which Mrs. Hale will always be remembered and the facts given by the *Century Magazine* of March, 1904, leave one convinced of the authenticity of the poem. The claim of authorship was made by Mary Sterling—afterwards Mrs. Tyler. She did have a lamb that followed her to school and a boy of her class, one John Roulson, wrote some verses about it—scribbled quickly on a piece of paper which he gave to her at the time. It was twenty-five years afterward that Mrs. Tyler (never having retained a copy) claimed that Mrs. Hale's first lines were like those that the boy wrote. Mrs. Hale emphatically denied having any knowledge of such an incident and it seems improbable that she could have ever known about them—certainly after twenty-five years Mrs. Tyler's memory of the illness would be doubtful. The boys verses were never published, which reconciles one to the fact that Mrs. Hale's were original. The author was financially successful and sent two boys through Harvard and one to West Point. One became a prominent ethnologist. One of the reasons for a controversy over the poem was that Mary Sterling Tyler had stockings woven from the wool of her lamb and when money was being raised to save the Old South Meetinghouse of Boston from being demolished, she raveled her stockings and attached a piece of wool to her cards and sold them as a souvenir. As her name was Mary and she did have a lamb—thus held in remembrance—the natural conclusion that the poem was original with her gained wide-spread publicity.

umbus Tyler, the honored steward of McLean Asylum and she was for thirty-five years matron of the Institution. Diverting entertainment has been enjoyed by authors in the versions of the little poem. Even the Chautauquan students indulged in the pastime. One was adapted to Wordsworth's "Lucy."

"She dwelt among untrodden ways
A maid from men apart
It was a lambkin's woolly gaze
That pierced Mary's heart.
For everywhere the maiden went
To church and eke to school
This bumptious kid on Mary bent
Was wont to play the fool."

"Bah, bah, bah,
On thy cold hillside, O Lamb
And I judge you by your tone,

You are thinking
You are no better off than I am.
Oh well, for those other lambs
That Mary did not beguile
Oh well for those cautious dams
That Mary thought weren't worth while.

Bah, bah, bah,
At the foot of the hill, O Lamb
And reserve your revenge on the teacher
"Till you grow to a horned ram."
Mary had a little Lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The Lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see the lamb in school.

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die Guest's 'Just Folks,' recites a conversation between two men who met 'along a stream that raced and ran' in earshot of 'the pipes o' pan' and admired each other's trout.

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Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.: Joe Chapple, the distinguished widely known Boston editor, relates in an intimate way, just he might tell it as he smoked his after dinner cigar, and with the characteristic dash and finish of which he is master, he makes his word pictures live.

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Schenectady Gazette, New York: The book, "Vivid Spain," is pleasant in its rambling conversational manner and at the same time is truly a picture of an unknown land. It is in no sense a guide book, but it seems like one that would please a prospective traveler in the land of air castles, or make another want to travel there.

The Toledo Blade, Ohio: The brilliant colors in which the imagination of the average reader has been persuaded by fiction and travel books to picture far-away Spain with a wide and generous brush are splashed through the pages of Joe Mitchell Chapple's tribute to that land of bullfights and black-eyed Carmens. It is as handsome a travel book as has come this way in several seasons.

The Herald, Boston, Mass.: Mr. Chapple makes it the breezy and unconventional chronicle of a leisurely ramble through Spain, and every page sparkles with the anecdotes of his experiences and of his contacts with everybody from the King and Prime Minister down the social scale. Mr. Chapple not only covered Spain very thoroughly, but flew across to Africa in an airplane, and had no end of experiences denied the ordinary tourist.

Hartford, Conn., Daily Courant: This is a chatty personal record of a tour through Spain illustrated with many photographs, and a number of really impressive and beautiful drawings and etchings by Levon West.

Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wis.: In his incomparable book, "Vivid Spain," Joe Mitchell Chapple takes you into the very heart of Spain, carrying you over its highways and byways, and conducting you into its remotest regions. He introduces you into the courts and palaces of kings as well as into the humble homes of the peasantry.

The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.: The author from "The Attic" in the great America city of New York pays the following greeting to this far-famed and much-talked-of country: "Spain, Vivid Spain! Redolent of romance and tradition, what fantastic visions you have conjured in the minds of alien peoples since the Phoenician navigators first sailed in the shadow of the Pillars of Hercules!" The author's appreciation of the beauties of this far-away country is presented in this beautiful volume in which he so generously asks that his readers share with him the joy of many happy days in Vivid Spain.

Detroit, Mich., Free Press: Embellished with original etchings and drawings by Levon West, this book on Spain is written by a man who went forth seeking romance and found it. He is not concerned with the drab side of life but with its colorful aspects. Architecture, the gaiety of the people, the art and artists of Spain, the national institutions, the king—all the high spots and the bright places he makes vivid for the reader.

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Winston-Salem, N. C., Journal: "Vivid Spain" is one of the handsomest volumes that has yet come into this reviewer's hands.

New York Herald Tribune: Impressions and illustrations are crowded between the covers of Joe Mitchell Chapple's "Vivid Spain." The equally comprehensive text is described by the author as a "record of appreciation, not a didactic or profound history, peppered with footnotes from mystic authorities, or fables agreed upon as a psychoanalysis of people—but a simple volume with no other purpose than to have the reader share the joy of our many happy days in Vivid Spain." Levon West's etchings are lovely and suggestive, and the two Sorollas glow with that warm abandon which one expects of Sorolla and of Spain. One must be grateful to the author who has brought them together.

New York World: Really good travel books are rare indeed. Joe Mitchell Chapple in sunlight and by moonlight, grave and gay, smiling and thoughtful is Joe Mitchell Chapple, stout, good-natured, and unquenchably American. He was unquestionably in Spain, and one fancies he enjoyed himself enormously. His book is breezy and informal, chatty and informative.

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Catholic Historical Review: Under the striking title "Vivid Spain" Joe Mitchell Chapple presents a book containing a notable record of impressions received during two rather comprehensive tours through Spain and Morocco. It is an attractive and informative volume bristling with episodes of a country whose appeal is entrancing.

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City.....

State.....



"Beauty Care *right in your own dishpan,*"

say 305 famous
Beauty Shops

"With all our experience,"
these beauty experts find,
"we cannot distinguish be-
tween hands that never
wash dishes and hands that
use Lux in the dishpan."



Famous Beauty Schools

also find Lux gentlest to the hands!
After tests, the National Schools
of Cosmeticians chose Lux for use
in manicuring! "There is no better
beauty aid for the housewife than
Lux in washing dishes," they add.

Good for your hands to wash dishes? . . . Yes, if you use Lux! Read what beauty experts say!

NOBODY in the world has a
better chance to compare
women's hands than the experts in
famous beauty shops in cities all
over the country!

And 305 of the finest beauty
salons in the United States agree
that—

"Lux for dishes means hands that
are truly lovely—as soft and white
as the hands of leisure."

Here is beauty care *in your dish-
pan!*

How dishwashing has changed!
No longer mere drudgery! While

you are washing dishes with the
gentle soothing Lux suds, your
hands are gaining a wonderful half-
hour, or more, of real *beauty care!*

The secret is this:

Lux is quite different from other
soaps! It cherishes the delicate oils
of the skin, while so many soaps
pitilessly dry these beauty oils—
leave the skin roughened and red
and drawn looking.

Best of all, this wise, simple
beauty care costs almost nothing.
Lux for all your dishes costs less
than 1¢ a day!



Modern Brides

96 out of every 100 interviewed in
11 great cities are using Lux for
their dishes, to keep their hands
truly lovely! These modern girls
mean to keep house without losing
a bit of youthful charm.



These Famous Hands

of Miss Irma Wright, world cham-
pion amateur typist, delight big
audiences with their speed! "Lux
in my dishpan keeps my hands
supple and white," Miss Wright
enthusiastically says!



Less than 1¢ a day

Of course dishes shine, glasses
sparkle, with the lovely Lux suds
—instantly sparkling, even in hard
water! And Lux for dishes costs
so little! The big package will
wash 6 weeks' dishes.

